



A YOUTH CULTURE MAGAZINE

Fall
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Savant

a youth culture magazine

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Savant reader,

In Ancient America (long before colonization) there was an Indian man named Sequoia and he lived somewhere in the present-day southern United States. Many consider this man to be one of the greatest sources of language origins mankind has recorded. When Sequoia's tribe made contact with others and began trade, he derived a system of recording the trade agreements. At the time, verbal communication was capable but the written forms had not yet evolved. So Sequoia created a system of symbols for each trade product, and another set of symbols for the nature of the trade agreement. Sequoia's symbols began to spread from tribe-to-tribe and it created a quasi-universal form of communication for the local tribes to communicate in a physical form. The symbols eventually evolved into a full language, utilized by Sequoia's and many other tribes in Ancient America. Remnants of the symbols still appeared in the languages of many, if not all, southern American tribes at the time of European discovery.

I remember studying this occurrence as a sophomore at Arts and Communications High School. While engaged in my studies I came across an intriguing question that I am yet to find a reasonable answer: what makes the written word the most comprehended art medium for humans, except for perhaps verbal communication? And I believe it is undoubtedly so. Our mainstream press, in literature and newspaper and ultimately to educate ourselves, relies on our ability to comprehend the written word. Compared to other art mediums, whether looking at a painting or gazing at a sculpture, our ability to understand the details is incredibly difficult for most of our population, and easier for a few. I am not suggesting you can learn more from the written word than another medium, but the

written word is a more firmly established element of comprehension for humans. As in our mainstream schooling the first lesson we learn is to understand the symbols of the English language, why? Well simple, because understanding these symbols are fundamental to the educational development of any human to communicate. So why did we evolve so fondly on the reliance of the written symbol, rather than another art medium?

Over this past summer I was informed that I would be editor of our school publication, Savant. I was honored at the recognition and quite pleased to get the chance to work on such a wonderful project. However, my feelings of inspiration were only superseded by my feeling of intimidation concerning my newly appointed position. It came from the fact that I would be following a short line of incredible workhorse editors like Caitlin Scholl and Josephine Davis (class of 2000), Elli Pierce and Ellen Greer (class of 1999), and Erin Wiertz (class of 1998). Savant would no longer be an element of our school if it weren't for these students. So coming into school I worried about my ability to handle the pressure. But now, nearly two months since our first day of school, I can honestly say my worries are no longer relevant. My dedicated staff is working relentlessly on producing a quality publication and the Arts and Communications Creative Writing I Staff, under the instruction of Bruce Kaad, has made our jobs easier for producing quality material for our audience.

However, over the past few weeks I have noticed something disturbing that threatens the vitality of Savant: the lack of knowledge by the students as to what Savant is. Savant is NOT a school newspaper, it is a youth culture magazine that is open to ANYONE. Although we publish articles pertaining to our school we do not limit it to such topics. Our goal is to capture the essence of our schools youth culture, so we can report it to the community. Limiting our publication to strictly school articles means limiting our publications audience, for Savant is intended not only for the

students of our school, but more importantly the community in which we live.

Savant is a student-produced publication who believes in free speech, meaning its vitality relies on a student body who wishes to maintain it. If more popular support of Savant does not surface soon, then I believe that it will be a simple remnant of the past. And our voice will be dead. In the years past Savant has survived strictly on the shoulders of those editors I mentioned earlier, this can NOT be the case if we wish to keep it around. Savant should be lead by a group of editors, not just one, and it should become a strong element in each students life. My goal for my senior year of high school is to make these changes occur.

In closing I will leave you with Savant's new Mission Statement that I wrote earlier this year. Please realize that the vitality of Savant lies on your shoulders. I encourage you who have something to say, and I know each one of you does, to please utilize that power of the written word and write those thoughts down, so your voice can be heard. Submit your thoughts and ideas to publication, so Savant will not become a remnant of a forgotten C.E. Mason.

Mission Statement for Savant:

We at Arts And Communications High School believe that our students, of diverse thought and personality, create the essential elements of a dynamic youth culture. Therefore Savant's job, more so its responsibility, is to capture that culture in action and report it to the community. Thus creating a publication of the highest quality, dedicated to the composition of student work that gives the community a sense, not only for the students of Arts and Communications High School, but of those who comprise a youth culture. Savant should be an open forum of free thought utilized by those who wish to strengthen the impact of youth voice on our modern society.

John Dougherty
Editor, Savant



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Ozi

by Lotus Ferguson

Australia- Gum trees, koala bears, kangaroos and Crocodile Dundee. Rarely does the word Australia

bring to mind metropolis, world class sporting facilities and a top notch public transport system. Until now that is. Now though, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia is home to twenty-seventh Summer Olympiad. Not surprisingly, all eyes are on Sydney and all of them are measuring the 2000 Olympics to the success

or failure of the past. Without further ado I present a window into the Australian psyche, courtesy of my eldest brother born, raised and living in Sydney.

The Olympics were a very different experience for Sydneysiders as we have been immersed in it for many moons now. Since it was announced 7 years ago we have been fed a steady diet of Olympic propaganda. It seemed like every decision the Government was making it had the Olympic agenda buried in their somewhere. All the planning and whining was worth it. The city looked stunning. 14 days of beauti-

ful weather helped make a difference. All the trees and flowers had been planned to bloom the week prior the Opening..... and it all went according to plan.

There has also been extensive city works over the past few years. Old buildings being converted to their majestic original condition. The ferry wharves

becomes a regular sight to see buildings covered in hoardings. Once the facades were removed it was like an instant facelift just beautiful. The festivities went well beyond just sport. Add to the sporting Olympics a massive Olympic arts festival with plays, operas, ballet, theatre and street performances running every night.

Now it's only one day to go here and the whole place has gone

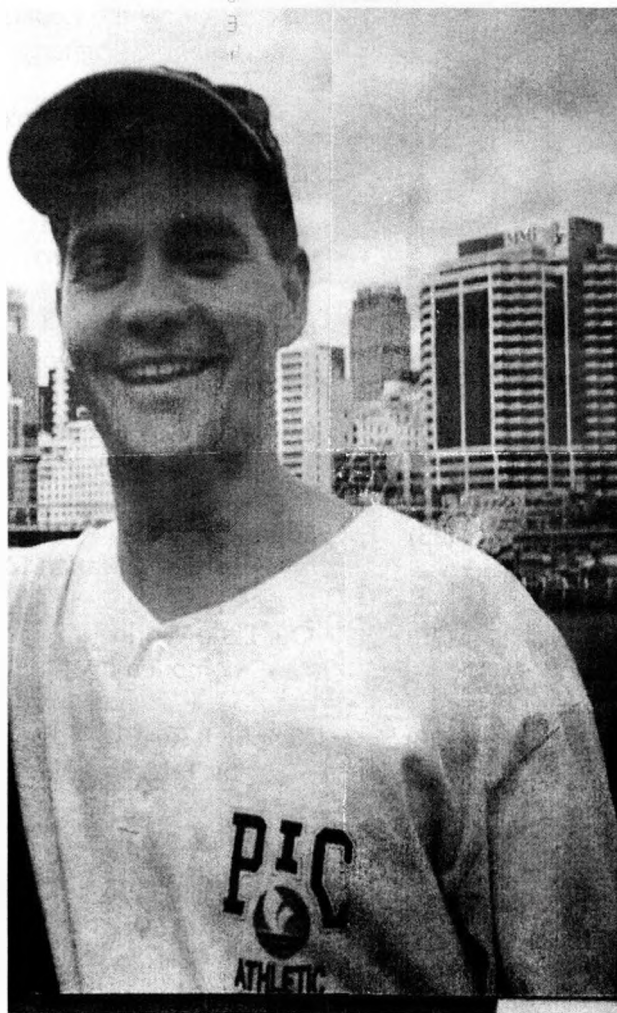
Australians at their finest ... absolutely taking the rot out of the seriousness out of the event.

The vibe in the air is awesome. It's like coming into Christmas and New Year where no one seems worried about the traffic and the boring stuff. I reckon the IOC has dropped a few kilos of 'e' into the water system and everyone is wandering around smiling. It is still quite cold at night. So much for the summer games. It's freezing in the water so it will be interesting to see the tourists lined up at Bondi for a swim. Stand by life guards.

The Olympic torch relay runs past our front door (well 50 fit away) so we are taking the day off work and going to hang out and watch all the goings on. The crowds have been huge watching the torch run past, it has been on it's journey across Australia for almost 100 days now and everyday there seems to be more and more hype. Yesterday it was in western Sydney and almost 70,000 people showed up to watch a guy run past carrying what is essentially a burning stick ! (Australians must be very weird). Well I m off to paint my face green and gold.

There you have it. The Ozi feeling of the Olympics. If you watched the Opening Ceremonies, (if you didn t shame on you- it was spectacular) you undoubtedly saw the pride and exuberant delight of the Australian people of being in the spotlight of the Worlds Stage. Oz Oz Oz oi oi oi

Ian Thorpe and Cathy Freeman were the athletes that everyone was expecting great things from. Ian Thorpe, the dazzling swimmer whose shoe size matches his age of 17. At 65 fit and 213lbs he has broken ten World Records over the past thirteen months, two of those in the first day of the Olympics. He is by far the brightest star of the swimming team and his best events the 400m freestyle and the 200m free. He s also swimming in the Men s 4x100 relay. Yet despite all the pressure, expectations and fame Ozi Ian Thorpe, is a level headed



(a key part of the harbour access) had all been rebuilt and looked sensational. East Circular Quay had been redeveloped with hotels and restaurants. Loads of waterside eateries with sensational views of the Bridge, Opera House and across to Luna Park. Living in a city under construction becomes weird as it

farking crazy. We went to the rehearsal of the opening ceremony well us and 98,000 other people. WOW - what a visual feast. As it was the first ever dress rehearsal there were a few problems. The announcers told us this would happen but when something went wrong the crowd started chanting Ozi Ozi Ozi oi oi oi Ozi Ozi Ozi.



teenager (I'll admit that in itself is a oddity) and really quite normal. In the Sydney Olympics though there were two races that stood out for Ian Thorpe and therefore stood out for the Ozi crowds.

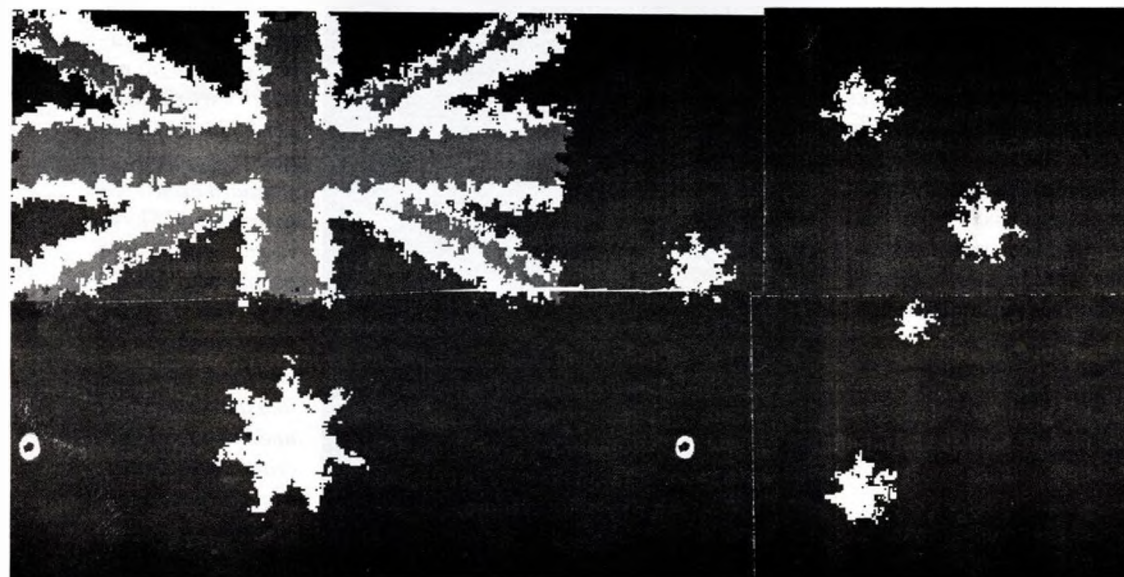
The first happened the first night of Olympic competition. The Men's 4 by one hundred meter relay. The two main rivals were the Australian Swim team and the USA's Swim team who owned this event (they'd hadn't lost it in ten years). At this time I feel I should explain the rivalry between the two countries that was the most obvious in the Swimming. It's as simple as this. Australia is a very sports-

team, shot back that Hall was a drug cheat. (Kilm was founded in his insult, Hall had been suspended for six months for drug use in 1998) The pressure was rising when the two teams appeared pool side. The USA team was throwing looks at the Ozis and the Ozis were sneering at the Americans. To make matters a little worse the two teams had the lanes right next to each other, so they were eying each other as the first lap got on the blocks. The stars of both teams Gary Hall Jr and Ian Thorpe were swimming the last leg, the fourth. The Americans had the lead coming into the last lap but Ian Thorpe slowly inched ahead, touching the cement before Gary

It's designed to cut down on waves and help the swimmers propel themselves through the water. The seating isn't bad either as every single one of the 17,000 padded seats had a clear view of the pool, most the time looking down the pool from a almost birds eye view. Of the 18,200 seats 17,000 of those were filled with Oz patriots all of them cheering for their golden boy, Ian Thorpe. The swimmers appeared pool side dressed in terry cloth robes, swimming caps and the full body suits, (adeptly marketed as Aqua Blades or Fast Skins) of their country's colors. Eight swimmers stood there all of them World Class

The pushing off the wall after the last turn, Ian Thorpe had about two strokes in front of the Dutchman and when the Australian flag flashed on the score board the crowd erupted. As I had said of 18,200 seats 17,000 of those held Ozis who were screaming Thorpie, Thorpie, oi, oi. He continued to slide ahead slowly but Van den Haelgenberg came roaring up two lanes over on his left. It was arm to arm down to the end of the pool with the Ozis screaming and the TV announcers blathering. Netherland fingers touched cement before Ozi and both swimmers knew it, but still they bobbed in the water for a second before the official places came up on the scoreboard. Thorpe second to Van den Hoolgenberg. The Flying Dutchman was floored, he just bobbed there numbly as Thorpe came splashing over three swimming lanes to hug him. Van den Hoolgenberg came out of his shock and both he and Thorpe hauled themselves out of the water only to be bombarded by reporters and their intrusive microphones. The Gold medal winner was still obviously stunned as NBC's very own scavenger asked him how it felt to win gold and beat the Australian Ian Thorpe. And I quote; 'I-I am completely a-amazed. I never thought to beat Ian....' he paused 'and I am v-very grateful to this Australian crowd for being so warm

As the camera pulled back we heard the Ozis still howling madly oi, oi, oi, oi



minded country they take pride in being good at sports and swimming especially. America was very full of themselves as they'd been doing very well in swimming in the last few Olympics, trading the Gold medals back and forth between the Ozis and themselves. Needless to say the pressure was running high between the two teams and was only heightened when all star American swimmer, Gary Hall Jr, posted to his web site boasting that he and the rest of the Americans were going to smash the Ozis like guitars. That quote, of course ran the run of the rumor mill and got back to the Oz swim team.

The afternoon before the race, Michael Kilm head of the Oz swim

Hall, Jr. It was the first team gold for the host city and the Ozi swim team was understandably delighted and exuberant with their win. And they were within their rights as Gold medalists to jump up and down and play air guitars as the Yanks just sat there treading water and looking broken.

Thorpie met up with the Flying Dutchman, Pieter van den Hoolgenberg who on the Sunday night semi final had broken the World Record, Ian had set in Saturday's semi final, beating Ian's time by .5 of a second. Monday was the final and the tensions ran high. The Sydney Aquatic Center is, quite simply the best pool in the world.

athletes. Yet the television cameras and the crowds attention was focused with single minded determination on Ian Thorpe and the man from the Netherlands who had snatched the World Record from him. Just so recently. The swimmers built like a capital letter T with long legs, flat stomachs and heavily muscled arms and shoulders hopped on the start blocks (little cement blocks about a square foot and almost two feet above the water level. Used to dive off of) and crouched waiting for the buzzer.

A South American swimmer was first into the pool but quickly dropped back to third behind Thorpe and Van den Hoolgenberg.

Cathy Freeman, Australian Aboriginal trackstar, won the Womens 400m as everyone had hoped she would. It was a spectacular moment for Australians (Aboriginal and Colonists alike). After she crossed the line she dropped to the track completely boneless. The Ozi crowd screaming at the top of their lungs got her to her feet and grabbing both a Australian flag and a Aboriginal she danced barefoot around the track to the howls of the Ozis.

The 27th Olympiad. The leading gymnastic teams in the World, compete in Individual and Team competition. And they're



messing up. All of them. Repeatedly. The women lost their grip on the Uneven bars. The men rarely held onto the high bar. United States gymnast, John Rothlisberger dislocated his finger on the Pommel horse. Russia's Nikolai Kryukova arms buckled while he was on the Parallel bars. The USA's Elsie Ray completely missed the Vaulting Horse and fell on to the mats, knocking the wind and confidence out of her. Russia's Svetlana Khorkina, also tripped up on the Vault, which shook her up and she continued the rest of her exercises in poor form, even falling off the Uneven bars, in which she holds the title of World Champion. And no one, could seem to stay within the bounds of the floor exercise ring. On the vault the women had an excuse for messing up. After eighteen gymnast fumbled and tripped over the vault, the Officials finally had it checked. It had been set up incorrectly, set two inches too short. Which threw all of the gymnasts off.

<cue swelling music> All in all though, it was a normal Olympics in Sydney's Super Dome. Some heart break overshadowed by triumph and rampant joy. As of Monday September, the 25th Romania's Andrea Raudacan was stripped of her Gold medal, after a banned substance found in her blood. The Team Coach and Raudacan themselves, were horrified as it turned out the drug had gotten into her system via over the counter cold medication, Raudacan had taken earlier that day to ward off an oncoming cold. She was allowed to keep her Team Gold. Poor kid....

As a quick fix for those of you who are fans of the American guys gymnastic team, here is an overview of their run in the Individuals. The American John Rothlisberger, who was on his third Olympics dislocated his finger warming up on the Pommel Horse, but had it taped up and competed with indifference. Morgan Hamn and his brother Paul, both 17, skidded along in their floor exercises and did poorly on the rings, but they have four years till Athens. The finals wound up merrily with the Russian Alexi Nemov

won the Gold in the individual competition. Who in my own humble opinion was well deserving of the title.

The Closing Ceremonies were wonderful. The Ozis were even more outrageous than at the start of the Olympics and everyone, athletes and supporters alike, it seemed had a excessively good time visiting Sydney. Almost as much fun as the Sydneysiders had at welcoming them. The end of the Summer Olympics was as spectacular as all things before it had been. A Parade of Drag Queens. A solemn speech from the IOC President naming as had become tradition Sydney as the best Olympic games ever. Better even than those at his home country, Spain, in 1992. The athletes ran willy nilly around the floor of Stadium Australia where two weeks before they had marched precisely behind their flags in alphabetical order. All of them had marched, that is except for the Ozis, but that is as it should be. Once again I'll leave you, folks with another snippet of the sports driven Australian mind-

Life rolls on here during the Olympics. We have been to a few events and the vibe is great. We were at the track last Monday night when Cathy Freeman

(our hero track and field star) was running in the 400m final. She won and the rest is history but the amazing thing was the noise from the crowd. Out of 112,000 people I reckon 110,000 were Aussies and all of them were screaming at the top of their voices.

We went to the ballet last week and caught the ferry in from Manly. The sun was setting behind the Harbour Bridge and the sky was changing from blue to purple. The sound of cameras clicking filled the air as we powered across the harbour into Circular Quay. Tourists struggling to get a better picture is always a pleasure to watch. What a beautiful city. When we turned around to look at the view the Opera House was covered in the most amazing light show I have ever seen. It was like someone had turned the Opera House into a giant lava lamp. Groovy colours swirling across the

sails. Very cool. Anyway ... the ballet was delayed because there was a TV in the lobby and everyone was gathered around watching one of the swimming finals with the Thorpedo. The bells were ringing but no one was moving. When the ballet finally started it was boring. Could only be described as 'nice'. Nice music, nice costumes, nice sets. I understand the talent involved but it did not move me they way the mountain bikers did. We were trackside for the men's mountain biking. For 2 hours these freaks rode around a track I could hardly walk on. Very tough technical



climbs followed by very tough technical descents. All over madness and all very inspiring.

No one really understood what was going to happen during the Olympics would the traffic be permanently congested? How would we get to work? Will the tourists eat all the food? We all saw scenes of the chaos in Atlanta. The Government has been running a TV campaign 'requesting' that we all take holidays or go to work early (or late) to help with the traffic problems. So we have been living the Olympic dream for a number of years now and it was like preparing for a major exam. Study hard for weeks before hand and then it's all over so quick. Yet we had a wild

time. Australians are generally quite social but they really 'turn it on' for the big occasions. New Years eve in Sydney is always a blast but the city partied like it was NYE for two weeks straight. There were 8 live sites in the city with bands, beer, food and giant TV screens. These sites were so popular that they had to close one of them down because there were so many people (drunk) that it became dangerous.

Over the Olympic period it was just like the Christmas / New Year holidays. It was pretty laid back at work. Discussions were all based on the

previous days performances. Drug cheats were hated. Heros were admired. All in all not much work was done. "Its the Olympics" became a standard excuse for everything. There were heaps of people who left the city. The airlines were bringing loads and loads of people into the country and needed to fill aircraft when departing so there were some amazing deals being offered for Aussies to leave

when everyone else arrived (does that make sense?).

The people who left missed something big. The city changed but more importantly the people changed. Everyone was out and about enjoying themselves. There was no traffic, no lunatic bombings, no dramas just loads of good times, big parties and sleepless nights. The city became 'one'.

I do not know how the Aussies in other parts of the country enjoyed the games. I don't really care. I live in Sydney and it rocked

*Chow,
Dion*



summer vacations

Reminiscing

by M.P. Bunza

What was my summer? Was it a list of things I did, or places I went? Was it partying, recording, writing, photography, drawing, exploring, planning, loving, hating, waiting or dating? Not really, but I wish it was. I don't actually know a way to put the last three months of my life into words. For that matter, I'm not so sure I could put any of my life into a few words, or even a million.

I continued to grow up this summer, yet I continued to strive to retreat back to my childhood, to take a path that would skip all the crap and drama and lead me back into the 1980s, into the depths of my life where everything was alright. I was forever happy, and there weren't any fears. There were also the times when every place I went was an adventure, a dream world so surreal, yet real. A place where my imagination flourished more than ever, where a few trees could feel like a forest, or a small pond could become a vast bog. Words, music, friends, pranks, fun, sleep, anger, lack of sleep, noise, a crush, cars, danger, excitement, and good old rock and roll. This is only a fraction of the book entitled, my summer.

I don't like summer; it's too hot. No, I like summer; there's no school. Nope, I really prefer not sweating and not feeling that laziness that the sun brings upon me. I like the cold, I like the rain. I like it when the sun shines black and glows in little sparkles in the night sky. Maybe this makes me a true Oregonian, but I was born in Boston. That's a contradiction. Whatever. I often wonder where I belong. My family and I come from the east coast, but I hate New York. I hate the heat with a flaming passion, yet I loved living in

Arizona. I don't know what to say about Oregon. I like the rain. No, I love the rain, I like wearing a short sleeved shirt in fall and winter, and find myself clad in dark colors in the heat. This may explain why I went nocturnal this summer. It got to be such a pattern of getting up at six o'clock in the afternoon when the sun shined on my eyes and I had to squint to keep from walking into something. That was weird. Then school came along. My sleeping schedule had to do a full flip, like adapting from a 12 hour time zone change, I'd rather be kicked in the head over and over. Oh how I need sleep. Oh my ploys for making money. And who the hell were those anarchists sleeping in my bed, and why did my brother move to India? What is going on here, and will somebody please return my brother and the life I remembered only a short time ago? He has long brown hippy hair, round octopus glasses, dresses like a punk rock-hippie-native american, and can drink you under the table. If you've seen this guy please let me know. And if anyone's seen a plethora of my memories, like She-Ra, He-Man, G.I. Joe, M.A.S.K., Thundercats, and Seabert the seal, and cowgirls teaching me how to fire weapons, would you please return them, too. And while you're at it, all of my old friends. Though when you return them don't include their new personalities, I don't care and I don't want to pay extra for that crap. Yeah, summer sucked. It was just some pathetic metaphor letting us all know that we have to wake up and do something interesting and maybe intellectual for a change, something that will take us somewhere out of Beaverton (anywhere). My summer was a big swift kick in the butt.

on Summer

Summer of Tears

anonymous

I spent my summer days locked up in my room, denying the truth I knew was coming true. The sun was shining, yet the harsh words and turbulence tore through my mind. It was happening...

He was only 15 when he started to smoke. This addiction was his only stability, his only hope, the only way he could get away from his abusive life. And it followed him like those stray dogs always seem to do throughout his life.

Now those fun-filled days he spent as a teenager cost him a stay in the hospital. A heart attack. I knew it was coming. Something was. After all the years of the hard and heavy times, writing little notes and sticking them in his empty cigarette packs, praying he would listen. Wishing he would try to quit. If not for himself, than for me. After all, a dad should listen to his daughter,

right? At least I thought so at the time. Now I know his addiction was definitely stronger than my words. But the fear of losing my Dad was stronger than both.

I still dream the nightmares of the days when most children would be out playing, while I sat in the hospital room, the scent of rubber gloves and medicine and fear flooding my mind and soul. The nightmare of the summer was I seeing only wires coming from my father. No laughter, no corny jokes. And that summer the twinkle left his eye, and the heartiness left his laughter. The summer that changed everything. The summer of tears.

Now I am 15 and I have plenty of friends who smoke. Smoke their lives away like my Father. They are already preparing to lose the twinkle in their eye. Their true laughter. It's happening. Their summer of tears will come.



my first

by Katie Gilbert

This last summer I found myself spending quite a bit of time in Anchorage, where a couple of friends of mine work at the piercing shop. While hanging out at the shop one day, I was informed about a body art show that was going to be happening later that month. I had never been to a show, so I was pretty stoked when I found out. My friend Mickey had done a suspension at the show last month in Fairbanks, but I only saw pictures. He told me it was a great experience.

The day of the show rolled around and Aaron, Jeff, and I got to the Out North Art House early to drop Mickey off and say hello to Jason. Mickey wasn't going to be doing a suspension in this show, but he was going to do a pulling. Shortly after we got to the Art House, I saw Jason and his girlfriend Erin outside having a smoke. Jason was going to be doing some of the piercings for the suspensions that night. So after a while of shooting the s***, we all went in and

... the hooks in their backs were attached to ropes tied to a bar near the ceiling ...

found a seat.

We got to the show early so Aaron, Jeff and I all took seats front and center. There was going to be a branding that evening and I wanted to be able to smell the burning flesh. In front of us was a stage about three feet off of the ground, with a large white screen behind it. The owner of the piercing shop and the employees were busy setting up a system of ropes and pulleys on stage. This looked like it was going to be an interesting evening.

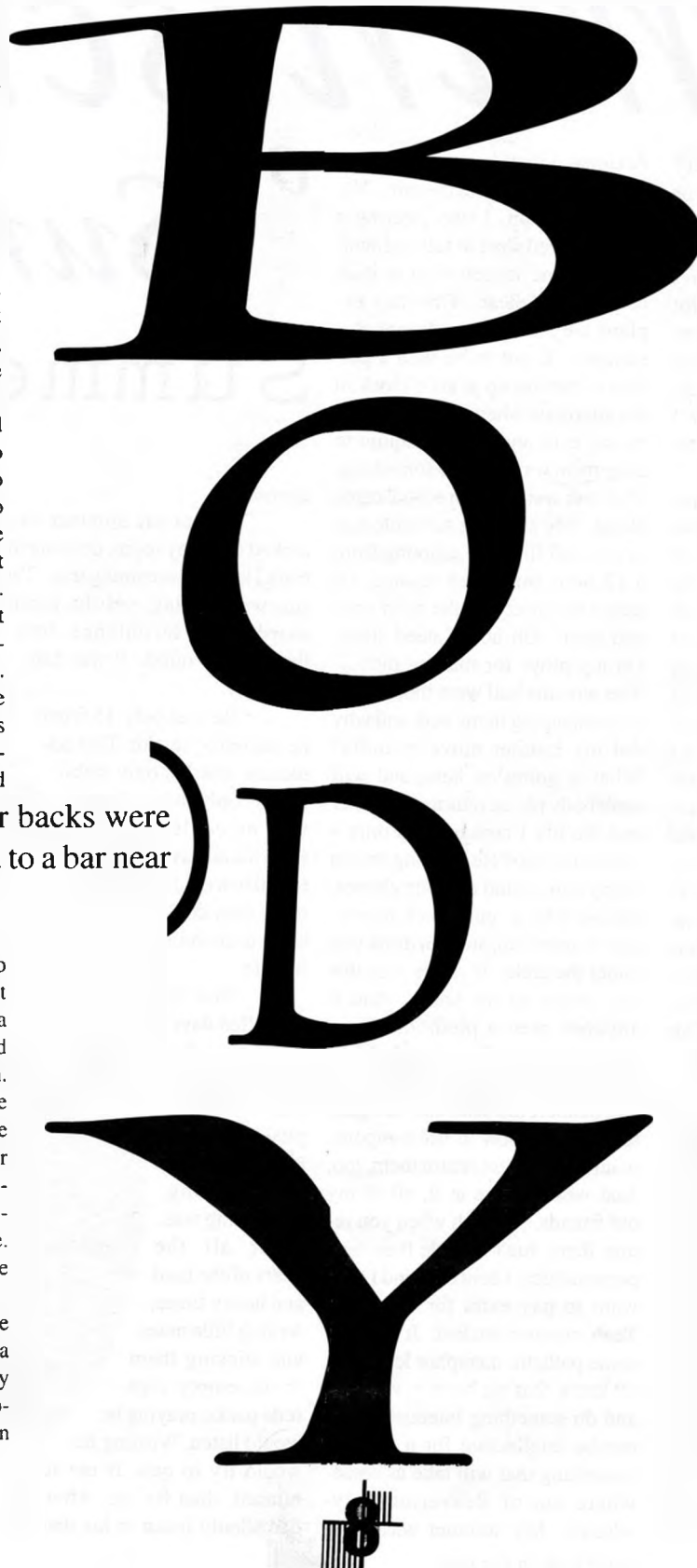
A woman to the left of me was busy setting up a video camera to record the show. Another lady had a large video camera that projected what it saw on the screen

behind the stage. And to the left of the stage, a small band was setting up. It was made up of a few different large drums, a keyboard, and some sort of a synthesizer board. Everything seemed to be about ready to go, right on time at seven o'clock.

Mickey came out into the main room from the back with two fresh hooks in his upper back. He looked a bit dazed at first. We called him over to where we were sitting to get a closer look at his new piercings. From what Mickey tells me, it's not really the piercing that hurts so bad. Mickey was pierced with ten gauge needles. But the hooks that were threaded into the fresh piercings were one gauge larger than the holes. The hooks were eight gauge, so Mickey got stretched right after he was pierced. The reason for the piercers doing this is to make sure that the hooks are firmly in place so that there is no slippage.

Mickey and a larger woman both got on stage to do their pullings. The hooks in their backs were attached to ropes tied to a bar near the ceiling. People started filing into the room and filing the seats behind us. The crowd was made up of an assortment of people, most of them pierced and or tattooed. The man that took a seat next to me had on a long black kilt, boots, a mesh shirt, and a leather jacket. The band on stage began emanating a sort of creepy new age sounding mood music. Mickey and the woman had both begun doing their pullings.

The woman and Mickey were both standing parallel to each other and the screen behind them, but they were spaced apart so that the audience had a clear view of both of them. The woman was pulling against the wall with the beat of the drums in the music. Her skin was pulling out what looked like about three inches, then relaxing



back, over and over. Mickey was steadily leaning forward more and more. The skin on his back was pulling out further and progressively further. He had a look on his face like he was in a sort of trance.

The pulling went on for about a half of an hour. When the pullings were done, Mickey and the

fortunately it was not enough for me to smell the skin from where I was sitting. About ten minutes later, the branding was finished. Josh smiled at his new body art, and left the stage.

The next and last event was the much anticipated suspension. A woman named Axle was going to

after the piercers stood back. One of the piercers brought her a glass of water and a piece of gum to calm her nerves so she wouldn't pass out. The owner of the piercing shop talked with her awhile, calming and comforting her. She breathed deep, and finally stood up. The crowd cheered. She stood facing the audi-

the crowd cheered. I could feel the tension in the air all melt away with the cheers. I was amazed by the fact that I was staring at someone being suspended in real life, right before my eyes.

After she hung for about thirty minutes, the fire dancers came out. The lights in the room dimmed and she entered the stage. Dressed in a rabbit skin tied to her chest and tight black pants, she was beautiful. She came onto the stage with a ball connected to a chain in either hand. Someone flicked a lighter to them and they were ablaze. She began twirling the balls behind her back and above her head. They created figure eights and perfect circles

woman both looked sweaty and disoriented. Jason and Ryan pulled out the hooks and put gauze patches over the holes.

Next was a display of some tattoo and piercings from the audience. There was some amazing work. One man had a Salvador Dali piece on his arm, and a trilobite on his calf. The bouncer for this event got on stage and displayed his intricate tattoo of a jet engine on his back. the man that was sitting next to me had the most piercings in the audience. I believe he had 28 piercings. Most of them were under the belt.

The next event was a branding. This excited me quite a bit, I had never seen the procedure before. My friend Josh was getting a Japanese half sun branded on his shoulder. When he came out on stage the outline was already drawn on him. Jason was sitting in a chair next to a small table of supplies. Josh took a seat next to him. Ryan was assisting Jason with the branding by holding the blow torch to a small piece of metal about the size of a razor blade. Jason held the piece of metal with a clamp while it heated up. The metal was ready for the branding. Jason lined the metal up with one of the lines on Josh's shoulder. He touched the metal to it for a split second, and it immediately cauterized. A small puff of smoke arose from his skin. Unfor-

be suspended that night. She took her seat in a chair off of the stage, but directly in front of the audience. She straddled the chair with her back to the audience. Jason and Ryan both came out with a wheeled tray of supplies for sterilizing and piercing. After they thoroughly cleaned

ence while the piercers attached the hooks to ropes that were attached to a pulley system. She seemed hesitant and worried. She conversed with one of the piercers for a moment, and then went through with it.

Kevin stood behind her on

in a blur of motion. All the while the woman hung from the hooks, enveloped in her endorphin high.

Eventually the fire dancer exited the stage, and the lights came back on. The woman was lowered from the pulley, back down to the ground. She looked very disoriented when she once again stood. No doubt she realized how high she was. The piercers thanked us all for coming, and everyone exited the Art House.

My first body art show was definitely a memorable afternoon. When I entered the Art House earlier that day, I was pretty sure that I would never want to be suspended. As I left the show later that day, I was no longer so sure. Axle looked like she was enjoying herself quite a bit. Life is all about trying new things, so one day you might be seeing me suspended by hooks for your first body art show.

the surface of her back, they began the piercings. In unison the piercers slid the ten gauge needles into both sides of her back. Then, the eight gauge hooks were chased into the piercings. This continued along until the last two hooks were placed under her flesh, making a total of six.

Axle's back was trembling

the stage and began hoisting the pulley from the ground. The woman's feet were not touching the floor. Supported only by the skin on her back, the woman hung suspended from the ground. She looked somewhat distraught, but she then threw up the international "hell-yeah" symbol with both hands, and

art show

Ticket No.	Price	Price	
92	\$17.00 (\$20door)	\$17.00	80
.....			
BODY ART SHOW 2000		\$20.00 AT DOOR	8
Out North Art House		**NO CAMERAS**	24
1325 Primrose at DeBarr		**NO REFUND**	00
Thu, Aug 24, 2:00		Late Admission	00
7:00 PM, (Doors open 6:30)		Not Guaranteed	00
18 & over. **NO CAMERAS**		THURSDAY 8/24	17
SEATING NOT GUARANTEED		92	00

1369913



by John Dougherty

I desperately had to go to the bathroom, but I couldn't find a place to go. We had stopped at Hobart's Grocery Store, a backwoods country store with an old gas pump and a burnt-out neon sign on the Hobart-Issaquah highway for gas but their solid policy restricted the use of their bathrooms by the public. The manager (Mr. Hobart's great-grandson) informed us that the nearest restroom was probably in Cedar Mill, nearly 10 miles away. So down the road we headed toward Cedar Mill.

My Father and I were up in the Puget Sound country to visit my parents old home, the fabled land known as Tiger Mountain. It lies in the foothills of Seattle outside the town of Issaquah. Issaquah, back in the seventies had been a poor community serviced by two fundamental elements of the local culture: logging and alcohol. But the town has since turned.

My parents had moved away from Issaquah and down to Beaverton in 1976. Issaquah, once a land of dense forests, a place where the idea of paved roads was not easily understood, and a town where no one went intentionally, you just wound up there, has all but

changed. The rural Issaquah has given away to the upper class Issaquah of the late 1990's. A place where high-priced homes now sit where old growths sat nearly 10 years before, where the independently owned stores of the downtown streets has been replaced by national corporations, and a place where paved roads are now common practice. Yet on Tiger Mountain, the conifers still outrank of the home and where deer droppings on your porch are not such a rare sight.

Neither my Father or I had said why we wanted to go visit Tiger Mountain, but we both knew it was necessary. For me it was seeing the reality of this mythical mountain community to often left to nostalgic proportion by my parents. This was where my favorite childhood stories took place, to me it was the anticipation of seeing a place like Sherwood Forest.

For my Father though I think it was something different. A man who age has never restricted his willingness to have a good time, a man who has always has found pleasure in abandoning conventional rules, and for him seeing the place where he was at the pinnacle of his personal freedom has to be an instant evaluation of life. And I

knew by the smile on his face, he wasn't bitter.

The stories of Tiger Mountain. The stories that I often pass off as my own because of there incredible ability to capture an audience. My father the wild man logger of the great northwest and his friends, Irving the lonely hermit writer who shares his house with a black bear, two goats and about thirty chickens, Mike the seven-foot tall logger brawler who grew marijuana in his open flower beds, and Chester the native Apache who robbed a bank and left Issaquah after getting a sex change operation. The stories of the real people in a little town called Issaquah.

We circled the Tiger Mountain Loop twice with my Father shooting his finger left and right across the cab pointing at every house on Tiger Mountain and telling me the story, and believe me; each one definitely had a story.

It was a magnificent day in Issaquah for which I was most grateful, but not a traditionally nice day, rather a day of low, thick clouds and extremely moist air. It fit the Issaquah persona just as I had imagined it. One could call the day dour and gloomy in Issaquah, but not me. Instead coming from sunny Seattle

through the hills and into Issaquah was like traveling to a completely different world. Anyway back to our story.

Down the highway we traveled through soggy conifers towering into the sky, and beside the shallow tributaries of the Cedar River. We rolled hill over hill which played great games with my bladder. Hearing the rushing creeks and smelling the moist air made me realize that a bathroom must be near.

As the forest got denser and we started to see the high peaks of the Snoqualmie National Forest, I recall my Father saying, "there's an old fish ladder up here somewhere, you wanna see if we can find it?" My immediate response was, "YES." Thinking that the woods would have to be the inevitable destination of my urine. We followed the road like a roller coaster, twisting and turning and maneuvering it wherever it led us. In fact we were almost the subject of a severe wreck as a doe ran across the road and in front of our truck. The sudden occurrence scared me stiff but for my Father it promoted a thick rush of adrenaline that caused to him to belt out is hardy laugh of the far north woods. A great laugh of an old drunk sailor after someone tells him

stories from the backroad trails of the Northwest



TALES OF A FAR NORTH COUNTRY:



a dirty joke about old Betsy at the local tavern. A great laugh!

The truck eventually screeched to a halt, a few feet before an old decrepit bridge you would be nervous to cross on foot let alone a truck, it was the Cedar

“Seeing the
summer
sockeye move
up the
Cedar River was
like seeing the
worn, wounded
soldiers of a
forgotten
war come
marching
home.”

River bridge. He jerked the wheel around and pulled our truck into a small gravel pit on the side of the road. When we got out of the truck I started dancing on my feet trying to relieve the pressure on my bladder. There was a trail nearby leading down to an abandoned park with benches and broken down picnic tables. We followed it quickly, and I noticed the perfect bush off in the distance. So with the utter swiftness of my feet I bolted across a field of

overgrown grass and mounds of rabbit droppings all over. I felt like a soldier running through a field with bullets flying and mines to dodge, and I would dodge them on the long way to my bush. Once I reached the bush I took a deep breath and.....felt a whole lot better if you know what I mean. That urination was the world, and boy did it feel good. However, when I turned around, and realized where I was, well my jaw dropped and everything was beautiful.

An old park, now overgrown but certainly not forgotten. The fog was still low and the haze made everything in sight seem heavenly. The firs were tall and strong and as far as the eye could see, the grass was overgrown and the forest underbrush was thick and green. The old remnants of the park were now deteriorated and broken. Old horse shoe pits could be seen in a few spots, and I am sure if you listened closely enough you could here the laughs of children and the conversations of the old and wise. The smell was of Christmas, or fir trees anyway. I make it sound like a graveyard but it was all but, rather a heaven, where the spirits of the those who have come and gone float unseen through the low mist. The powerful part of the park however, was that it contained the most peaceful sound in all the world, the running water of the Cedar River.

I stopped and wondered where my Father was since I had not seen him since I ran to the bush. But I knew one thing, if I find the river I will find my Father. I hiked toward the river and found a path leading to the bank. And surely enough at the end of the trail was my Father kneeling at the bank looking at the bottom of a small falls. I ventured down the trail to my Father to investigate what he

was so intently looking at. Looking deep into the water I saw nothing and I asked what he was investigating. He responded silently, “just keep looking.” So I looked once again and saw nothing but a tremendous glare on the water. “You see them?” he asked me quietly. “What I said?”, I responded quietly and wondering what the need for silence



was. “Just keep watching...” he said.

So I stared into the water. Then I saw one! A solid red sockeye on his return trip from the ocean. Then another, then another, then another, all solid red and all sockeye. I jumped up on a tall rock to try and get a birds eye view of the falls, and when I looked down there they were. I felt like taking my eyeballs out of my head and washing them in the river when I saw at the base of the falls a solid mass of red, nearly 100 sockeye. Then my eyes moved down the river to see that this red tint continued for another 100 feet. And they are all trying to get up the ladder.

Seeing the sockeye run was like seeing a celebrity. Something that has defined the northwest for a thousand years, and played such an intrical part in the development of all human civilizations in this area,

their greatness is not realized. We read of great names in northwest history and their contributions, and we learn of tribes and their customs, but nothing is as fundamental to our northwest civilization as these fish moving up the Cedar River on a cloudy day outside Issaquah, Washington. Sadly however, instead of cheering the arrival the summer run

of sockeye like the heroes of today, we see them as the worn, torn soldiers of a forgotten war who come marching home. The sockeye swarmed in a thick crowd all taking their turn in jumping the ladder and swim further up river to breed. One would make it, and then another, and then another, trying to swim away and complete its mission.

As we made our way back to Seattle that evening I thought about how lucky I was to see the sockeye and hope that one day I can point them out to my children as they make their way up river again. But the way things are going, that possibility looks slim. We must hope they do not become the remnant of a forgotten past, and they do not become ghosts in river. For anywhere as mythical as Tiger Mountain, or as heavenly as that little park on the Cedar River, the greats things of the northwest must not die. From the journals of Lewis and Clark to the stories of Coyote and the origins of the Columbia, lets keep this land mythical, and heavenly.

the sockeye of the cedar river



by Terry Six

I've seen a lot of things in my old age, some of... well most of which I cannot possibly bring myself to pollute your sweet, innocent ears with, but I am now starting to see young kids with leather jackets and torn blue jeans wearing Clash buttons (as usual). This is a beautiful thing going on. Ever since I was a Sophomore, I've always wanted to take on an apprentice and teach him or her "Thee Values of Rock n' Roll."

Now for youst kids that I know [kind of] who don't think I know what I'm talking about, this obviously isn't the article you're looking for, so keep flipping

I don't really have a top list, that takes too much time, so the following will be in a random order that I will execute at my choice.

1. The Boys - "The Boys" (self-titled): This, I think is one of the greatest records ever put out by independant labels at the time. This was released in the late 1970's, which most good music comes from, not including the Bee Gees and Kool and the Gang. Every song on this record is played at the same pace; fast, loud, and catchy. Good for any lame party, of course if it is a lame party, it's because you haven't bought this record yet. You

bastard! For those of you who remember Jeremy Gage, you know that he has every record in the world that I, and anybody cool wants, and he wants my copy. Put out in the late 70's, and worth every penny you steal from your parents, you will listen to it every day.

4. New York Dolls - "New York Dolls" (self-titled): Again, this is a gem from the 70's, except that it was earlier than most other records, 1973. This record definitely paved the way for most bands out there today. They were another regular at CBGB's. Johnny Thunders was the guitar player for this band. If you don't know who Johnny Thunders is, stop right

bered they put out a 7-inch on Fat Mike's label, they probably wanted to collect on the kids' parents money. \$. Front to back, every song on this record is amazing. If you can find it. Buy it!

6. The Ramones - Any Record until "Pleasant Dreams": I don't think I need to describe the genius of their magnitude. How could I? It would take up the whole Savant. Find it, buy it, and love it. If you don't, well... I think I've said it enough times in this stupid article.

7. Motorhead - Any record buy them is really good. Sometimes I don't admit to listening to them,

Rock n'Roll Is The Only Religion ... It'll Never Let You Down

the pages, and check out the KMFDM articles you panty waste. Enough sidetracking, the premise of this article is mainly to attract you kids to the fine wonders of music not played on MTV. Don't get me wrong, I thought MTV was a pretty killer channel when they played nonstop Guns n' Roses and maybe some punk videos, but that is all over now, its mostly game shows and music videos are now cut in half. I suppose thats a good thing with the total crap thats on it now. As for my apprenticeship, I afraid I'm too lazy to actually make you kids tapes of my records, and waste my time telling you to go to shows that you don't show up to because you have to be in bed by 9:30 p.m. So, I'm just going to have to waste my time telling you interested ones, some records youst should own.

can find this any where I suggest you get going.

2. The Saints - "I'm Stranded": Scott Johnson and I both own this record. He is a very smart man, Scott is available for home tutoring any time you need it. These weirdos are from Australia, and play nothing but straight ahead 1970's punk. They got their start at CBGB's in New York and play amongst bands such as: The Damned and The Ramones. They cover an Ike and Tina song. Get it!! Now!!!

3. The Damned - "Damned Damned Damned": They are British, and Dave Vanian (the singer) wears white face paint, and Captain Sensible wears dirty, pink tutus. Guns n' Roses cover "New Rose" on the Spaghetti Incident. Scott also has this record on a picture disc,

where you are in your thinking process and think this: I am a loser, I have no future music, and I am giving up right now. Like the name, they all dressed up as girls and wore high-heel pumps, pink was preferable, and played great Rock n' Roll. The lead singer is David Johanson, otherwise know as "Buster Poindexter" in his later years when he needed more money for dope. He was also in the remake of Car 54, Where Are You?

5. The Dickies - "The Incredible Shrinking Dickies": Another late 70's release. This is one of those collector bands, which means that people would pay up to 20\$ just for one 7-inch with two songs that are on the same album. Like me. They still play, infact they were supposed to play at the Warped Tour. That didn't make a whole lotta sense to me but when I remem-

bered they are sort of metal-ish, but its all Rock n' Roll to me so if you like manly, cigarette and whiskey-soaked vocals and guitar solos, I suggest you get "Overkill," "Ace Of Spades," "Orgasmatron," or "No Remorse." I don't care, Motorhead is one of the best famous bands out there that still play.

8. Gun's n' Roses - "Appetite For Destruction": No home is complete without this record. It was kind of like how every one had "Dookie" and then when it wasn't hip, they traded it in, but nevertheless, I have Guns n' Roses to thank for introducing me to music and introducing the concept of playing an instrument. Slash is still the best guitar player EVER!! Every song is solid gold and will never get old. put out in the late 80's, the greatest Guns n' Roses album ever.



9. The Dead Boys - "Young, Loud, and Snotty": This is guaranteed to leave any one who dares shaking in their shoes. This is by far, the most creepiest band ever. The lead singer, Stiv Bators used to cut himself up and bash his face about when he felt like it. He is now dead because he got too

and threw himself in front of a moving taxi. Thats the way I want to go out, (anyway except the curse of "27"). Definitely worth spending \$8-\$15 on. I'm warning you, its your fault if you listen to this in the dark by your self.

This will probably be the last record I will review, because my article is overdue and I would hate to upset a dear friend of mine. He happens to be the editor so I better get going.

10. The Spider Babies - "": This band is the probably the most recent of them, starting around 93'-94' maybe, I don't know. They are from Portland, Oregon (and live in Eugene). This record has Kevin (fuzz, and vox), James (bass), and Colin (noise). This is the best record they produced aside from "Web Of Hate," but thats a different band. Jeremy Gage now plays drums and Adumb (Angel Manjuarez) Cox plays bass. Good music for the soundtrack of destruction, and adapted 60's garage, but more offensive and faster. I don't think any of you will find this record, so don't try.

This was written for, and dedicated to Jeremy Gage. And was inspired by Kevin Grogg. He'll know why when he reads this.

If I feel like writing another one of these, I will. So if you have no interest in this article, too bad, maybe I'll write the next one just for you.

-Terry Six 10/2000



Ramones
Self - Titled LP 1977

-This is the first Ramones album. This record is funny because the guitar and bass were recorded on the right and left side so on your record player you can turn the balance down on either side and play guitar or bass along with it.



Motorhead
"Motorhead" EP 1976

-This is not really a Motorhead LP. Its just a EP that is worth some amount of \$\$\$. Good for me, bad for Jarrod Clinkinbeard



The Saints
"(I'm) Stranded" LP 1977

-Notice in the upper left hand corner, it says "Not Available on 'C.D.'" Yeah, thats right.

The Dickies
"Give It Back" EP 1977

-It kind of sucks because I spent so much money on this and both songs are on the same album.



Have You Ever Wondered...

By Katie Frantz

- 1. What do you put for hair color on a license when the person is bald?**
- 2. Whats the point of having a greasy hamburger with french fries and a DIET coke?**
- 3. Why do they call it the department of Interior when they are in charge of everything outdoors?**
- 4. Why does Superman always wear his underwear on the outside of his pants?**
- 5. Whats the point of having different colored M&M's when they all taste the same?**
- 6. Why don't people believe you when you tell them there is wet paint on a bench, but they will believe you when you tell them there are 400 billion stars in the sky?**
- 7. If Elliot offered E.T skittles instead of Reese's Pieces, would he have still followed him?**
- 8. What kind of animal is Goofy?**
- 9. How can Hawaii have an interstate Highway when it is only one state?**
- 10. Why do they call it Rhode Island when it is neither a road, nor an island?**
- 11. Why does 7-11 have locks on thier doors when they are open 24 hours a day, seven days a week and 365 days a year?**
- 12. If olive oil is made out of olives, whats baby oil made out of?**
- 13. Why do they put Braille dots on the keypad of the drive-up ATM?**
- 14. Why do we drive on parkways and park on driveways?**
- 15. Why are there flotation devices under plane seats instead of parachutes?**
- 16. How do we find a word in the dictionary if we don't know how to spell it?**
- 17. Why are cigarettes sold in gas stations when smoking is prohibited there?**
- 18. What is a free gift? Aren't all gifts free?**
- 19. Why is it that when you transport something by car it's called a shipment, but when you transport something by ship it's called cargo?**

O b s e s s i o n

A
ROMANCE
FROM
DAVID
KIMBRO

I remember her eyes and the way her first glimpse at me tickled my heart. My reaction was "God, she's beautiful!" Then an image of me and her together stayed in my head. The thought of holding each other was a way of shutting out everything bad in my mind. Us, me and you, lovers. The fresh taste of love was on my lips. The power, the passion--she was automatically my freedom. But I wasn't free. I was caught, caught in her luscious glimpse of beauty. I had to talk to her. How would her voice sound? Would it give my ears the same feeling of warmth that her gorgeous look had already given me? Her name, I needed to know it. So there I was, drooling on myself, admiring her beauty. Nothing else mattered. She was my top priority. She was my love.

For weeks this continued. I sat exactly nine chairs, sixteen thousand four hundred and eighty six holes in the ceiling and precisely forty-six tiles on the floor away from her. Looking at her I could forget about Harry and his gang of thugs. I could forget about homework and every trouble school brought. It was just me and her and my dreams.

When the bell rang for lunch that day, the students scattered to the poorly lit cafeteria like ants just to get food. Outside was where everyone ate for fear that the wet, rusted and eaten away roof of the cafeteria might fall. It could crush you and your friends, all while you were having a polite conversation about whatever. There were all the groups and all of their tightly nuzzled status and blah blah blah. It made me nauseous, so I just kept to myself and sat next to the old brick shack number thirteen. Nobody used it and nobody really cared about it. I guess the administration was waiting for it to crumble down.

Then there was Harry and his thugs. His gray eyes glowed as he grinned at me from across the school yard. He and the ones following him turned towards me. I had refused to pay his so called protection money, a.k.a my lunch



money. Soon they bolted towards me full throttle. Harry was the first one to grab me. I remember the feel of his grip on my collar and the feeling of my face slammed against the cold brick of the ghost-like shack.

A whistle was blown, a stop was yelled, and about eight administrators ran to my rescue. It didn't really help. It just made Harry and his rotten teeth gang even more mad. So they battered me and the teachers at the same time. Quickly they were restrained and taken to the office for extreme punishment. Confused, there I was sitting with my shirt backwards, my hands stepped on and my nose bleeding. They had even managed to rip off my shoe and

one of my socks. I was furious. I didn't want to stay at school. and I didn't want anyone to stand there looking at me. The other students didn't say a word to me before, and they weren't ready to say a word to me now. So I got up, put my shirt on forwards, put on my shoe, couldn't find my sock, and just ran. I ran past the bus stop. I ran past the library. I ran past the elementary school, and I ran past my neighbor's lawn till I got home. When my parents arrived I said school went fine. I did my homework and went to bed.

The next day, when I walked into school nobody seemed to notice me, like usual, and it just seemed to be another normal day, except Harry and his cult weren't there. They must have gotten expelled or suspended. I heard rumors that Harry would be moving because of all the hazardous mischief he'd gotten himself into. Hearing these two girls across the hall from me talking about Harrison Franklin moving today, I knew that my suspicion of him never being in my life again was true. I could continue about my business. I could continue thinking about her.

That whole day I couldn't wait for fourth period. She would make everything better. And when the time finally came for another day of sweet romantic daydreaming....she was not there. I stared at the clock hoping the minutes wouldn't go by, hoping for her to walk in the door. I wanted everything to stop until she did. When the teacher read the names of the absent students in order of seating arrangements, I knew I would finally learn the name of the one that I loved so deeply. Her name was the last to be called because she sat in back. So I wanted for the last name to come out of the teacher's mouth. First it was Rosa, then Billie, then Gerald, And last she called Hanna, Hanna Franklin. I sunk in my chair. Franklin, that name. It was the same as Harry's. I could slowly feel my heart crumble and break down. She was gone out of my life forever. Despair.

N a K E d

by Tabbatha King

from

Im a robot. This is my life.

Good morning.

Early rise. Head off to the place I dread. See the people I despise. Crush any spark of happiness that may have lingered from a dream I

had while previously napping.

Talk, Talk, Talk.

So much talk, still none of it am I interested in hearing at this early hour.

Transfer, and process, everything.

Its forgotten.

Dragging along my soulless carcass.

It's 11:00 AM, you should be asleep. And YOU probably are.

But im wide awake, I have been for about f i v e hours.

Think of all the things I could accomplish in F i v e hours.

Paint a picture.

Hug a friend.

Smell a flower.

Fall in love.

Watch the tube.

Sleep.

Sing a song.

Sleep.

Sing a song.

Fly a kite.

Make a sandwich.

Read a book.

excetra, excetra, excetra.

Im still nobody, and thats OK.

I mean, it would be , if I didn't expect so much. Trouble is I have not a clue where im headed in my robotic life.

Im still here.

Finish up fourth period, where nobody knows anything, including myself.

Still Im irritated

Still I go on.

Amazing.

It doesn't even matter what you say,

the strength and greatness

your tone provides reels me in.

Hooked and lured under.

For later.

Saved.

Kept in a freezer, frozen.

Waiting.

Is it genius? True greatness. Am I really that good.

I can't see myself.

L U N C H.

I head to my square box, where I serve my servants. A puppet,

A slave.

What do you want?

s i x

TO

t w o



Always Indecisive. Am I hungry, should I? NO, no I

But I will. I always do.

I read the back.

discarded.

It all goes through my head. Thats what I do. I over analyze.

Fifth period . Sunny. All I think is how im not inspired.

Put down the pen.

I loved you right from the start. Shhh...you never knew what you thought you do. NEVER. Keep up, your lagging, the days al-most end. People approach you and say they tried contacting you. But your line.

Busy.

Surprise.

My line is always tied up. Twisted. I say things don't always work

out, and it's to bad really.

Gathering up the shreds of attention span and get focused.

Focus in what I need to do, what I must accomplish to

Exist?

No.

To meet S T A N D a R D S .

Someone else, someone I don't give a shit about. They're standards.

They're success.

This is what weighs me down. Wasted hours of my angry mood.

At least im not desperately trying to rhyme.

I am a zombie. This is my life.

Finally!

Im released.

Gathering all my things. Tasting a drink from my water bottle.

The heats picked up its degree, causing my beverage to leave

a warm taste in my empty belly.

IM OUT THE DOOR.

Where to? My home? Where I might gain fifteen private peaceful

moments before monsters come barging in the front door,

pushing and shoving, whining and shouting.

Blah, Blah, Blah.

I am this pounding headache.

MMM..sounds tempting. My bus ride is usually decently pleasant, if accompanied by the right smile.

Sometimes yes.

Sometimes no.

Continuation.

Alright, I can keep in line. Keep my face.

Keep this hangnail. A disregarded type of pain.

Over l o o k e d .

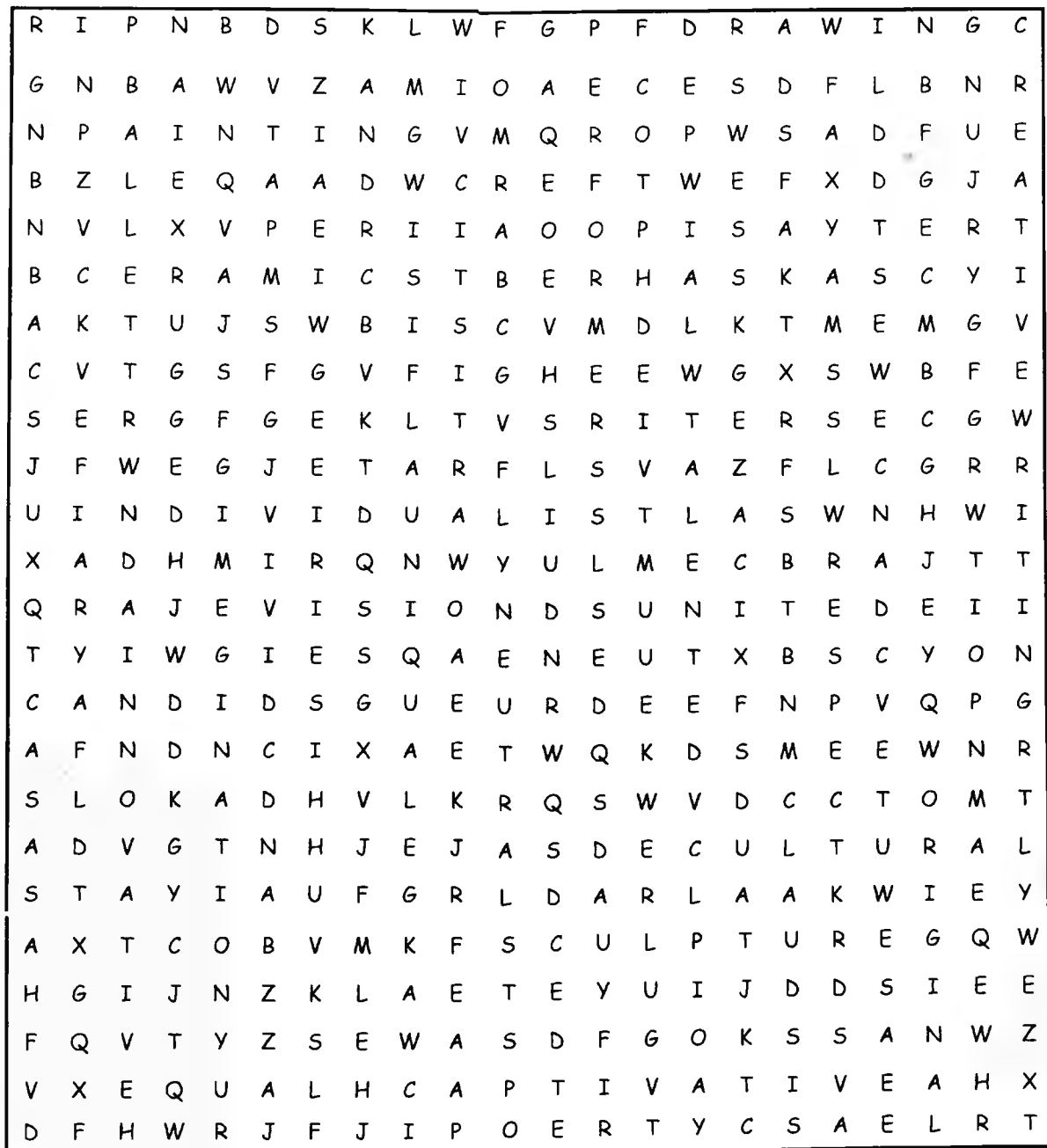
Forgotten.

Like every thing else, you get used to.

And I have.



WHAT IS ACHS ALL ABOUT



**B
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T
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PERFORMERS
ARTISTS
WRITERS
CREATIVE
ARTISTIC
RUGGED
INDIVIDUALIST
CERAMICS

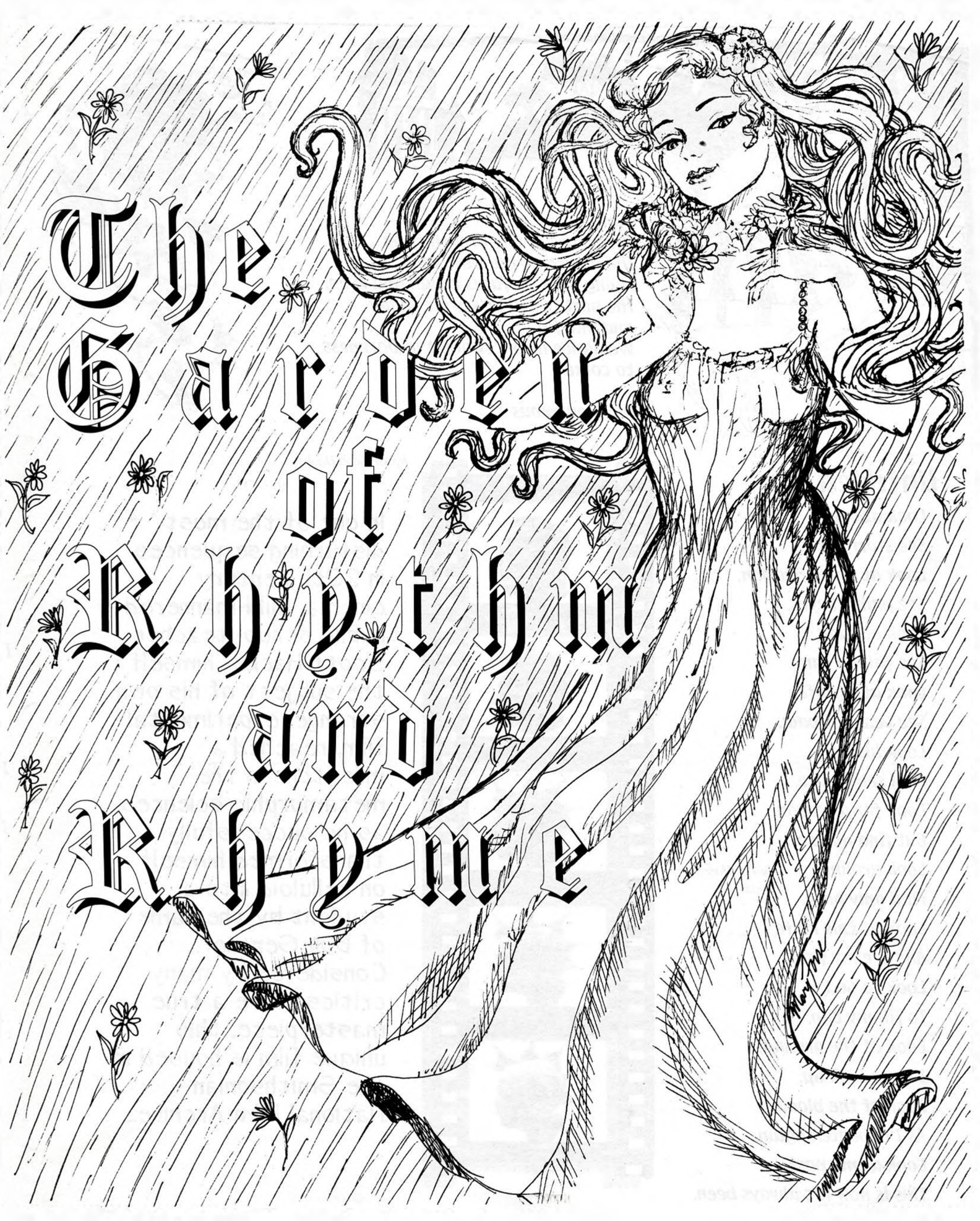
TALENTED
IMAGINATION
VISION
VIVID
BALLET
PAINTING
CREATIVITY
ORIGINAL

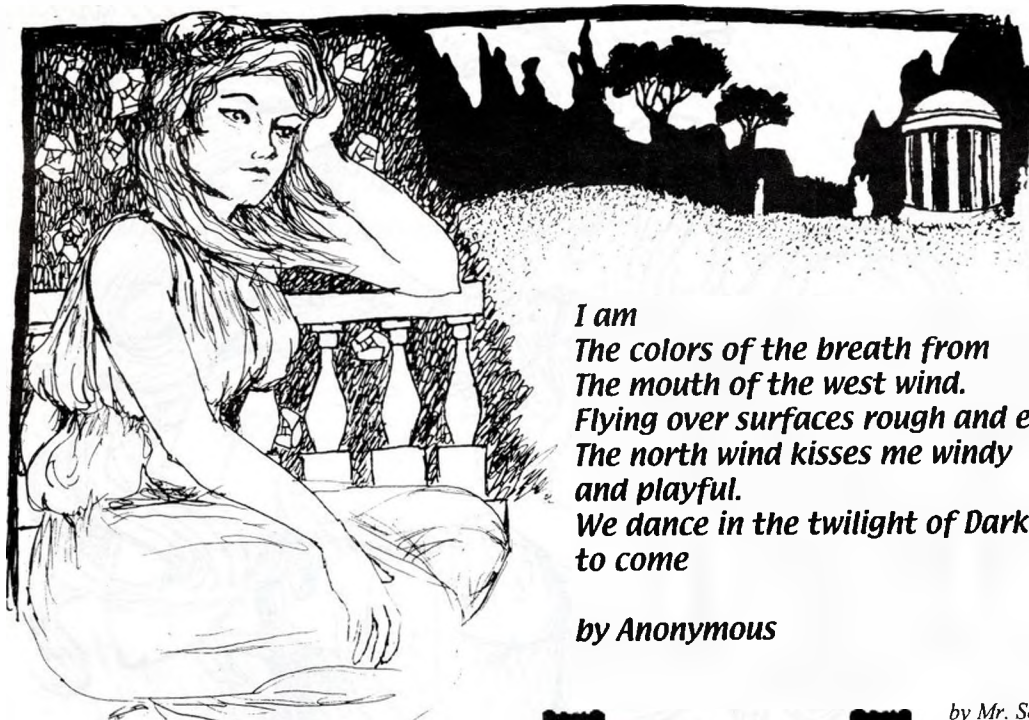
DIVERSE
CANDID
INNOVATIVE
NEUTRAL
UNITED
RESPECT
CULTURAL
DANCE WEST

EQUAL
CAPTIVATIVE
UNIQUE
TAP
DRAWING
JAZZBAND
SCULPTURE

The Wordsearch

The
Garden
of
Rhythm
and
Rhyme





*I am
The colors of the breath from
The mouth of the west wind.
Flying over surfaces rough and even.
The north wind kisses me windy
and playful.
We dance in the twilight of Darkness
to come*

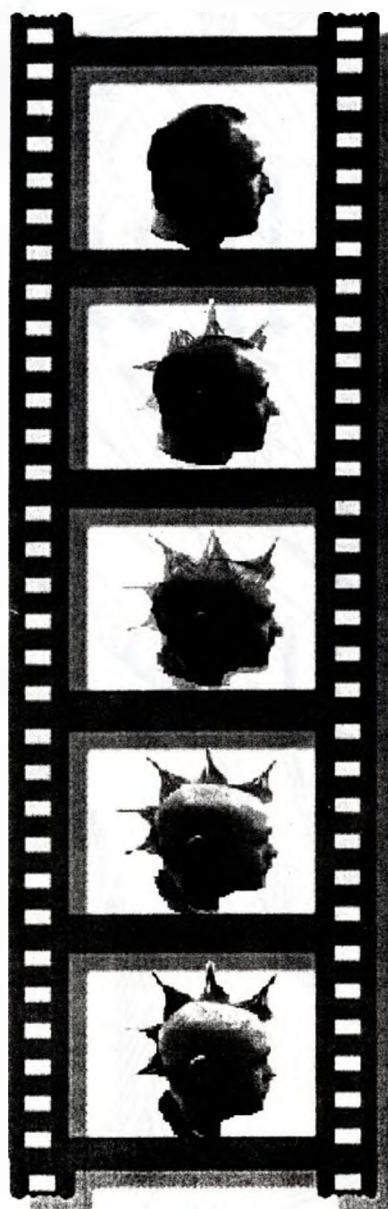
by Anonymous



Untitled

*Look above,
See starry skies.
Look at my reflection,
See painful eyes.
Look outside,
See falling rain.
Look at my life,
See years of pain.
Look inside,
Find self-abuse.
Look for a reason,
But find no use.
Look around,
Find only hate.
Look at this knife,
And see my fate.
Look to God,
To fill my cup.
Look at the ground,
I can't look up.
Look at the blood,
As I'm beaten again.
Look at my past,
This is how it's always been.*

*by T.J. Harrison
Grade 12*



by Mr. Scott Hacke

In one of the most disturbing sequences in 20th century cinema, mild-mannered public school teacher Scott Hacke- himself the subject of his own strange, experimental film, reached a milestone in the metamorphic sciences as he successfully transformed himself on celluloid into a student by the name of Bob Gentner... Considered by many critics to be a true masterpiece, this unique film is housed in the Smithsonian National Film Archive...



*She's standing in your light
 Holding the blindfold
 Across your heart
 She blocked out the confusion
 So you could focus
 On what she could give you
 And all along she thought she knew
 What you needed
 She thought she had the cure
 But now it seems
 Much more complex
 Then intoxicating kisses and bohemian love poems
 You gave her all your attention
 She became your world
 And then she realized you deserved so much more*

*by Karen Thorton
 Grade 12*

*A princess in a faraway castle made
 of tender glass and sparkling comfort*

I Bleed

My eyes hurt from all that I have seen.

They ache from all they've been through.

I hardly have the strength to lift my hand to write these words.

My mind's too tired to think.

I try to walk, but i don't know how much farther I can go.

I try to survive but I don't know how much longer I can last.

I try to speak, but I don't know how much longer I can breathe.

I hurt, and wonder when it will end.

I bleed, and try to figure out whose holding the knife this time.

*by T.J. Harrison
 Grade 12*



*by JoAnn McCall
 Grade 9*

*It burns so strong,
 Her love for him
 It scars her soul
 And that's why you're here, talking for hours to her sweet
 memory
 Riddled down with derangement of her empty space
 She stepped out of the light*

*by Victoria Oberzil
 Grade 12*

by Anonymous





Dragon

by Aaron Hess

I am Dragon. My eyes glow with green vengeance. My teeth are black as death. I come out of my hoard. My wings extend to their full length. They seem to shadow the earth. My feet tear the ground in a short sprint. I soar through the air. Eyes watching, waiting, for blood.

*Anti-hope or Anti-hate
Anti-freedom Anti-fate
Anti-peace or Anti-war
fear of who we really are*

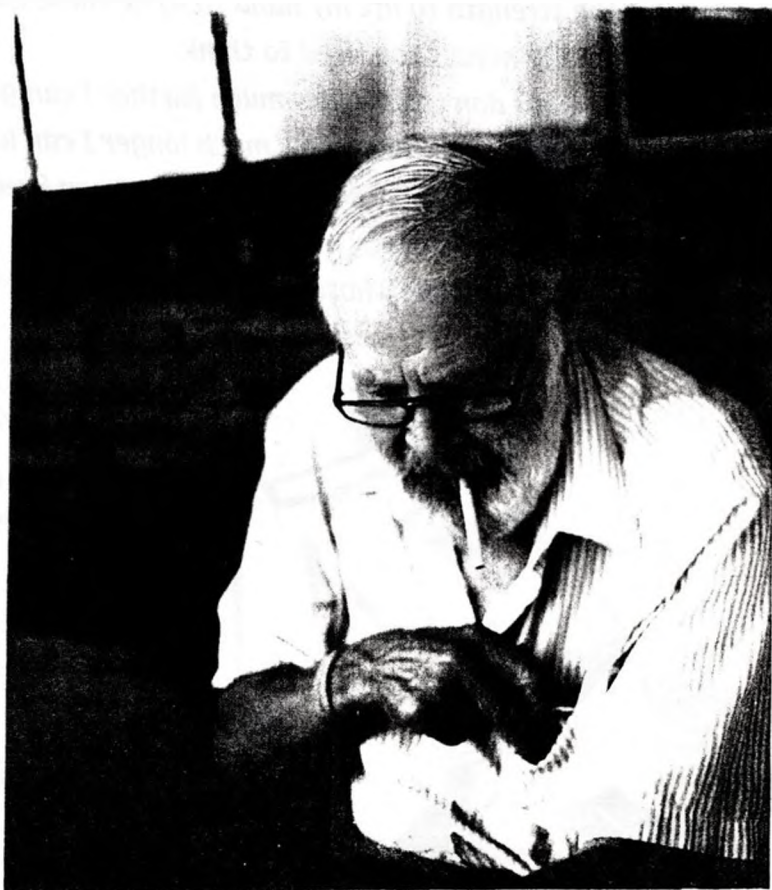
*Anti-husband Anti-wife
Anti people rule our lives
Anti-guilt or Anti-pride
Anti worlds will soon collide*

*in Anti-Anti I confide
I don't need to choose a side*

by Sarah Dillard

by T.J. Harrison
Grade 12
title "My Hero"

by Hugh Newell
Grade 11



EDITORIAL ISLAND

take a trip to a far away land where the ideas flow like a crickling creek, where students let their hair down and discuss the issues facing the youths of today

Presidential Debates

by Sam Morehouse

The first presidential debate is over with. Many people are wondering who won. With the polls as close as they are, this debate was to be the great equalizer. This was to be the one deciding factor. The winner would go on and lead the polls the loser would become the next Walter Mondale. However this was not the case. This time the debate was even. The polls remain steady and its still a close race.

So how can either candidate pull ahead? Each of them has a different strategy for winning the presidency. They both share views on many of the subjects. They both make convincing arguments for their side. However the arguments are becoming stale and they have been talking about the same subject for months, senior citizen prescription drugs. The senior citizens make up a small percentage of the voters as a whole. The candidates should focus on issues that affect the majority of the voters. Part of the reason the polls are so close is because voters dont know who stands for what.

They should focus on issues that affect the younger voters. Voters ages 18-25 are voting in numbers higher than they have been in years. Many of the younger voters aren't informed about their candidate. They are apathetic because

they dont care about senior citizens Medicare. The candidates should talk about schooling and taxes. But in talking about these things be sure to express an OPINION. The candidates are fence-sitting because they are afraid of the public opinion poll. Maybe if the candidates were to do these polls wouldnt be so even. Remember this November if you dont take the time to vote for the candidate you find least offensive, you run the risk of having the candidate you find most offensive win.

Experimental Music Project

by Patric Vick

All of you know about the bands that you and your friends like to listen to but what about the bands that those bands listened to or, maybe you were wondering when and where the first electric guitar was built. Perhaps you just have an hour or two to kill in Seattle center. Well my friends Ive got an idea for you.

On a recent trip to Seattle I happened upon the Experience Music Project. Or, E.M.P. for short. I was not entirely sure what to expect as I walked up to it. The building could only be described as an amorphous multicolored blob in the center of Seattle. The E.M.P. was built and funded by Paul Allen, one of the founders of Microsoft. It had been originally planned as a Jimi Hendrix museum but that idea was expanded on and became the museum that it is today. Upon entering, my senses were assaulted by flashing lights and blaring music. No I had not wandered onto the set of a music video but instead found myself in a cavernous room with a light screen that was flashing patterns that moved along with the music. After purchasing my ticket (which set me back a hard earned twenty bucks) I moved through the line into the loud, cavernous, room which, according to the map that I now have, is called the sky church. A few moments later I was making my way through the wondrous world of music with a handheld Museum Exhibit Guide (MEG).

My first stop was to the Guitar gallery where they displayed the

history of not only the guitar but also many of the modern forms of music. The next stop on the route was the Jimi Hendrix gallery. It was a great tribute to the life and times of the man who some say changed the face of rock music forever. This gallery will prove quite interesting to musicians of all styles whether they are Hendrix fans or not. A surprisingly large part of the gallery was devoted to the way Jimi wrote his songs both lyrically and musically.

The next stop on our tour of the E.M.P. is the third floor. This floor is pretty much for playing around in, there is an area called the sound lab in which a person can try out different instruments and even play with other people in a jam group. The instruments that I was most interested in were the guitar, bass, keyboards, turn tables, sampler, and mixer. On the other end of the third floor was the sound stage. On the sound stage you go into a room where they prep you to go onto a stage and play instruments. For those people gasping in terror because they cannot play an instrument dont worry. the song that you iplayi is on tape so that you just stand there and look like you can play. I know it sounds kind of lame but it actually is kind of cool because there is a simulated audience in front of you that cheers and shouts for you.

The E.M.P. also has food facilities. On the nightclub side there is the Liquid Lounge. It serves alcohol so basically I couldnt get in because Im not Twenty-one. The other establishment is the turntable Cafe it serves fairly good food but it is also pretty expensive. All in all my experience at E.M.P. was quite a

No on 9 Festival

by Stephanie Scelza

The 'No On 9' Benefit Concert at Reed College in Portland was held on Saturday, October 7. It raised approximately \$1500 for the 'No on 9' campaign.

Measure 9 would ban all course work related to homosexuality in schools. This would include prohibiting Gay-Straight Alliances in schools and taking away sex education.

There were several youth speakers at the concert that spoke about the Gay-Straight Alliances they are involved in and how the bill, if passed, would affect their schools. Many high schools have been paying more attention to the rights of students and the prejudice that exists in the classroom.

The performers said little about the Measure itself, one band, dedicated a rap to the No on 9 Campaign. Most people were happy with the show and the money raised but some felt that the importance of voting should have been stressed, and that anybody who was going to vote who showed up would have voted against the measure anyway.

'Tracy and the Plastics' was the first band to perform. It consisted of the female lead singer and 2 television screens flashing scenes of people playing other instruments, there were some technical problems with the screens. When 'The Gossip' performed a speaker caught on fire and the lead singer had the crowd do the hokey pokey until the problem was fixed. Each band played four or five songs each so the crowd never got tired of one band.

Editorials

C.E. MASON?

I started out my high school career a very enthusiastic 4.0 students who was more than happy to get away from the pack mentality at Conestoga Middle School. I was attracted to C.E. Mason because it was much smaller, I loved writing, and most of all, because my brother, Richard, who had also hated Conestoga, was really happy here. When I came to visit there was a sort of vitality to the student body and the teachers, and such a comfortable atmosphere. After 3 years in a middle school of prison-like appearance and Nazi-like rules and administration, C.E. Mason felt like heaven. I wonder what happened.

I thought this was a school that served artistic, sensitive kids. I thought it was an accepting school where things like ripping up kids because they weren't very smart or pretty or couldn't stand up for them-

**"...is this still
C.E. Mason?"**

selves was looked down upon. I thought it was a place where the teachers had a close relationship with their students and really cared about what they were doing. I thought this was a place with some integrity... and I think, at least at some point it used to be.

Where did our teacher's spirits go? Why does no one seem to care anymore? Where did all the kids go who had a passion for this place? I think I know the answer; they left when C.E. Mason died. I think this used to be a place worth fighting for, but I worry that if I stay

here any longer the fight will die in me as well.

I am emotional, I am sensitive, and I care. I don't ever want to stop caring. Not about what's really important in life. Not about my education. And definitely not about people and being a decent human being.

I think that teaching should be about enriching people's lives, and teaching them relevant topics, and giving them tools to do what they need to do and what they love to do, not just preparing students for college exams. Not training youth to be sheep who will work without complaint from nine to five. Not about shaming and lecturing students into thinking that they've done something wrong before they even get a chance to try. And it is not about intimidating students into giving up life and the things that are really important just to study for pop quizzes or tests. Students lose their privileges to drive, to attend this school, to attend any school, if they screw up. What happens to teachers when they screw up?

When a teacher starts terrorizing their students with homework, or is incompetent, or is mean, or kills your desire to learn and achieve, what is their consequence? Who holds them accountable? Because I know that my desires and self-esteem have been crushed, and I don't think I want to be a teacher anymore. I don't even want to go to college if it's anything like the Hell that we're being prepared for.

What happened to Mr. Bennett? Ms. Vonseggern? Ms. Von Bergen? Nick Dicker? Deni Bird? Peter Bauer? Michelle

Brown? Auna Montgomery? Alauna Griffith? Ty Peddicord? Jonathan Scott? What happened to all the kids who used to love this place? Well, they are gone, because something is wrong and this school no longer met their needs. Is this like Martin Niemoller's description of pre-WWII Germany? "In Germany they came first for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me--and by that time no one was left to speak up."

This school may have at one time been worth the down sides. You would never have been able to take advanced math, or get expensive art supplies, or have big dances, but there was something here that overcame all that so this wasn't just a place to go to school. It was a home away from home. Now, when the student lounge is gone and our

20 minute break is gone, when you can't put up a poster that expresses ones self on the wall because it's "not artistic enough," no Mr. Bennett, no "C.E. Mason," hardly any visual arts or writing classes left, and no one even thinks to ask the students how they feel before our Ohana is reduced to home room, is this still the C.E. Mason? If you don't know the answer, think about all the people and things that have come and gone. Their absence is a testimony no one can deny.

But I've seen these kids when you pull them out of our school. They have a life and a vibrancy that is full of potential. And I think underneath the oppression that is "Arts & Communications Magnet High School" our teachers really do care about us. Our school may be dead, but I think it's in every one of us, teacher and students, new and old, to bring about a change. I believe you all have integrity and good hearts. Maybe C.E. Mason is just lying dormant. Maybe it's just waiting for a time when it's safe to return.



Who's School Is This?

When I walked into our school this September I realized something; I had no idea where I was. The school that I had applied to as an eighth grader who couldn't bear the thought of attending a magnified middle school for four more years didn't feel like home anymore. Our school felt cold and hollow, and I wanted nothing more than to be somewhere else. I didn't know most of the students, and many of the teachers were new, but it's something more than that. Our school didn't, and doesn't, feel like a community, it isn't a place where we can go to escape all of the bullshit that made us need a place like C.E.Mason in the first place. Our school doesn't feel like a place where we can develop as individuals, or a place where we can be comfortable and happy. Most importantly our school doesn't feel like our school.

I believe that I never saw C.E.Mason in its prime. When I came here as a freshman three years ago our school was already falling. There is one major thing though, that separates that time from now, and that is that people then were fighting. The teachers were fighting, and most importantly, the students were fighting. Not just a couple kids here and there, but the whole student body was passionate about saving our school. Granted, it's hard to stay dedicated when you're knocked down at every turn, but do we have another choice? If this school dies then a part of all of us will die with it, a part that we can't afford to lose. Maybe a part of the problem is that so many of the kids don't know that in here is a

place worth fighting for, a place that is worth being. There is so much more in this school than what we are seeing. And I don't think that anyone had to have seen C.E.Mason in all its glory in order to fight for what it was, what made it a wonderful school was that it was a place that truly benefited the students. And I don't mean benefit the way the Beaverton School District or our administrators or anyone else in the world would look at it, it was a place

"No one knows better than we do what is best for us...."

that made kids better for being there. There was a fire in this school, and it's still here; I'm just not sure where it is.

I do know one thing, though, what may look good on paper, in test scores, and to the hierarchy that is the Beaverton school district isn't always what's best for the students. Stricter academic standards, modified schedules, and a process that has a take it or leave it attitude won't make us happy. It won't make us better people, and it's not going to improve the quality of our lives. Why shouldn't we be doing things we want to do? Why shouldn't we be in control of our learning? Why is it that everyone makes all our decisions for us, and our only choice is to deal with it or leave, when either way we're getting fucked over? No one knows

better than we do what is best for us, and we have to remember that. We are all unique and creative and individual, and we cannot let anyone suppress that.

Why don't I leave? If this school is so dead and wrong, then why am I still here? My answer is simple; there's no where else to go. Our school may be asleep, but at least it's alive. At least there's something to fight for. I can't go to a traditional high school, those schools

bad being in a school you love when it's dying, that it's easier to be somewhere that was never alive. There are always going to be kids who need C.E.Mason, not Sunset, not Westview, not Southridge or Beaverton, and not Arts and Communications Magnet High School, but a place they know they belong.

So what do we do? How can we change things with the limited control we are given? My only answer is not to sacrifice yourself. Don't compromise your happiness or your integrity. If something is wrong, change it. Talk to your teachers, parents. Talk to other students, or go to student government, use your voice. Because no matter what anyone does you still have a voice here. I know sometimes it feels like it's not being heard, but don't give up. We can't give up. Fight for this place, fight for yourself and what you know is right for you. This is our home, and I don't think any of us can afford to lose that.



← "I Look Like This?"

Young Gentoo Wonders

During four months in the Falklands, photographer Pettin- gill filmed the entire nesting cycle of penguins.

This adolescent gentoo, unused to water, saw his reflection for the first time. Fascinated by the image, he contemplated it at length, then abruptly waded into the puddle.

CRYSTAL ZINGSHEIM

by Rachel Oleson

Crystal Zingsheim is a new student here at A&C. She came here from California just about a month ago. Although she has lived within California her whole life, she says she is adjusting well to the move.

Her family came to Oregon for cheaper housing, better paying jobs, and because they "just felt like coming."

One of the major differences between California and Oregon that Crystal has noticed is the significantly slower pace of life here. While she was in California, people expected her to accomplish more in a smaller period of time. But she would rather have it that way, the slow pace drives her "insane". she said that it would probably be hard for someone who has lived in Oregon their whole life to move to California.

When asked for a general description of most of her friends she couldn't give one. Instead she replied, "I find enjoyment in everyone." She hangs out with all kinds of people and holds no judgment when it comes to making friends. "I don't believe in hate but I don't think that it's wrong either... I have never experienced hate."

Unfortunately, so far she hasn't received the same treatment from the Oregonians. She has found people here to be much more judgmental than she is used to. "Here people tend to think I'm air headed." She has found that most people who are just acquaintances would call her "ditzy."

She likes to surprise those people by telling them her life-plan which is first, to go to college at Berkeley, UCLA, or The University of San Francisco. Then, she will possibly become a virologist or a neurologist, and one day retire in Fiji or Bali to paint write and do science experiments in her lab that she will have in back. The reason why she would want to be a virologist is because she wants to preform research on AIDS and the human

genome project. The reason why she would want to become a neurologist is because she wants to "map out the brain. I have all these crazy theories I want to test out." She feels that the brain is extremely underestimated.

She doesn't plan on getting married until she is at least done with graduate school because she has too many aspirations for herself. She is "all about caring for another person" and having relationships until she is ready, but marriage is just an entirely different level. It's an adventure, and to be able to have an adventure like marriage, you first have to know yourself.

Although she is a talented artist, she claims she doesn't know much about art. "I don't take it that seriously." She has never taken art classes before this year but she started drawing and painting about a year and a half ago and has been writing for much longer. She never really plans what she is going to create as an art project. She just starts something and it turns out somehow. "It is very much in the process...it's like there's a direct correspondence between my head and the paper."

Crystal says that she is an artist and a scientist but most of all just human. She doesn't believe that labels have any meaning. In fact she uses a pen name because it is her ideas that will affect people, not her name.

Her way of life is to just let things happen and figure out why later it's what she calls a "hands off approach." "I know i'm a really corny person, but that's okay." She believes that when you're corny it takes out all the B.S. She says that she can't lie "You would know if I was lying, it just doesn't work out."

Her personallity is upbeat and optimisic. She has goals for herself and seems to be going somewhere. "I plan on unifying the world... I'll do it with a glance, a smile, and a kiss."

by Cori Dietsch

I had a small idea as to what this school would be like before I started attending it. I'm a new student, a junior.

At my old school there are about four hundred students, one hundred for each grade. I remember how I utterly hated going to that school every morning. The teachers were great people, don't get me wrong, but I dreaded dealing with my peers. Maybe it's the drowsy-feeling town, or the poor economy of it, or the fact that there was virtually nothing to do. I don't know, but the teenagers were terribly nasty. There were no large gangs, or anyone getting beat up, but it was mentally degrading enough that it sure seemed to be the equivalent. In grade school, you were categorized. Jock, popular, geek, and brain are the most often used labels. No matter what you do, what you win or lose, you have that label until you graduate. Expressing yourself was rare, and gutsy. You were afraid to. Often any expression of

I had a
small idea...

our

a statement or opinion, good or bad, there would be some clique that would emotionally slam you. I also think back and consider the atmosphere, how people felt there, and it's such an awful feeling of ugliness. There was so much prejudice it was dripping off the walls. I never really realized all of this until I got a taste of ACHS.

Here, I have twice as much homework, I have to get up an hour earlier and often feel like crap in the morning, but I have never been so excited to go to school. After the first few days of school here, I found that I don't have to be afraid or hide what I feel, or who I am. That's one of the greatest things a teenager, or anyone for that matter, could have.

After two years at my old school, it was like eating a stale cracker. It's edible, but it's old and provides little nutrients. Here, I feel as if I have fresh cookies every day. I earn them just as I did the crackers, but it's much more worth it.

First Day Of School

by Erika Pearson

The sun is shining,
But I'm scared inside.
Wild thought,
Flood my mind.
Will I fit in?
Will I have friends?
Will I like my classes?
When does school end?
Music is playing,
People are talking.
I don't know anyone,
So I keep on walking.
Friendly faces,
All around,
People smiling,
And sitting on the ground.
Class is starting,
I'm making friends.
Say hello to new beginnings,
Say good-bye to old ends.

by Anonymous

When I first came to this school, I felt uncomfortable. I knew only one person and I felt like I would never, could never fit in. All I was certain of was that it had to be better than Sunset. I came as a sophomore, but I felt like I was a freshman all over again. As the week pro-

gressed, I decided to stick with the freshman, they seemed much more open to making new friends than the other students were. I think that it took a lot of courage to come here. At least at Sunset, I knew a lot of people, some for even four years. Here I would walk into a room and I wouldn't recognize anyone. I

of like five year olds. There wasn't even a question about something being stolen. Even more amazing was the fact that there hadn't been a fight in six years. That totally boggled my mind; in theory, this school was a utopia, which is why I didn't understand the dislike towards the "new kids" like me.

That year passed pretty

RAVEN

smoothly, all of the faces became familiar and I felt comfortable. I noticed that as the school year passed that everyone's spirits lifted. My first year here, there were hand stand contests in the halls. Last year it was a pretty big group of kids playing hacky sack, any one could join and it was a great way for people to get

smoothly, all of the faces became familiar and I felt comfortable. I noticed that as the school year passed that everyone's spirits lifted. My first year here, there were hand stand contests in the halls. Last year it was a pretty big group of kids playing hacky sack, any one could join and it was a great way for people to get

by Megan King

The last bell rang, ending my reign as a lonely "middle schooler." For the past months my teachers prepped me, or, scared me for my freshman year. Telling me it will be harder, the classes will be tougher, and the homework and tests will be more gruesome. That was just as bad as when I found out that Santa ate the Thanksgiving Turkey and for desert had the Easter bunny. Of course, my brother could have contributed that image.

But anyway. My teacher's tried to tell me the important stuff to help me get through my first year. They didn't know, that the sun must bake, everything in my head over the summer.

Those glorious months, no thinking, fun, money made, did I mention fun? Oh yeah, and sleep, sleep is good. But of course, good things never last, and before I knew it I was shopping for a new wardrobe, and a pencil and paper, and other school material.

3. I won't know where my classes are!

There's one hallway, with numbers above the door. You match the number on your schedule with the number on the door and voila! You have classes.

4. I'm gonna get beat up!

Well, I have been hit, but that was usually just for being myself, nothing out of the ordinary.

5. I'm gonna live in my bedroom from all the homework!

Usually, except on some nights.

6. I won't have anyone to get money from, cuz I don't know anyone!

Thanks guys for giving me food and money, you know who you are.

In summary, So far Freshman year is easier than I thought it would be, It's pretty much just another school year, but who knows what the next months will bring!

small world

could hear people saying things like "I don't think that I like these new kids", which I later caught myself saying. I think that it was at least a month before anyone (except for the freshman) even asked me what my name was, let alone talk to me.

At the same time though, I was amazed at the curriculum. The classes were somewhat challenging, I mean sometimes you actually had to think. The art teachers actually knew what they were talking about and were open to new ideas which is a rare thing to find in a high school. It felt less like a prison and more like a school.

I also noticed the trust that everyone had in each other. We could leave our backpacks in the halls, and the teachers didn't lock their doors, we could leave campus in order to take pictures and film videos. The teachers treated us equal instead

to know each other.

Last year I came to school and I caught myself judging the "new kids" without even meeting them first, and it hit me. This was exactly what happened to me the year before so I started talking to them introducing myself to them. I also saw that other people were doing that too, and it put my mind at ease.

Now I will get to the point. I want to encourage all of you to go up to someone they don't know and introduce yourself to them. It is the only way that you will get to know everyone, right? Just keep talking to people that you don't know until there is no one left that you don't know. In a school this small, it is important to know and trust everyone around you. That is what makes this school great, is the sense of unity. And if you don't feel any unity, then create it. Simple as that.

And once I begin to think, I begin to get scared | all these tormenting nightmares start to flood my mind, making me want to dig a hole and hide in there until summer comes again, or until school gets out, and I get hungry.

But a couple of freak outs that I have had this year and how they turned out:

1. No Locker?!

The past three years my locker and I had a love hate relationship. I loved that it stored my stuff for me, but I hated having a combination. What am I gonna do without it? Well, my back does hurt a little, but for being as forgetful as I am, I like that all my junk is right next to me.

2. How are the older kids gonna treat me?

Well, to tell you the truth, I have no clue who is in what grade, I usually forget and it doesn't really matter. I know a lot of people and they are older than me.

FRESHMAN



BODY ART KEEP'N IT REAL!

by Tabatha B. and Heather Mc.

What was it that influenced society to be more accepting of body art such as piercing ones nipples or tattooing ones leg? Has body art lost all meaning? These very questions have lead Heather and I to ponder and go out into C.E. Mason with some questions of our own.

Years ago our families would have fainted at the mere concept of us puncturing our bodies or putting holes in our faces. Now, in the year 2000 mine and Heather's bodies are our canvas, I with numerous piercings and Heather beginning her form of body art. Our families are very accepting with an occasional gray hair or two. Piercings and tattoos for us sets aside our individuality and adds character to

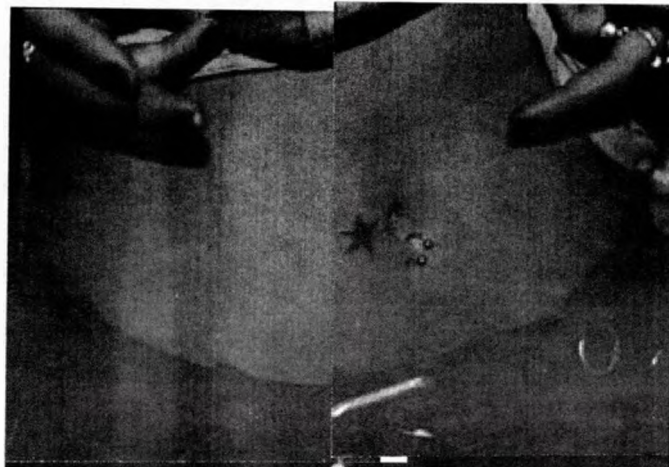
our many, many personalities.

Yet we feel different about more than half of America's youth, the cultural status of body art has evolved from that of an anti-social activity to that of a trendy fashion statement promoted by Calvin Kline in the 90's. Body art, if that is what it should be called, is currently a well established art form that over the last three decades has undergone dramatic changes and is now widely accepted by society.

But is there too much accep-

tance? It use to be that someone got a piercing or tattoo as a form of self expression or cultural tradition. But now we have noticed from just walking down the halls of A.C.H.S. and even the streets of downtown Portland that body art is being done for the coolness and popularity of it. Body art, as we knew it, is quickly losing its effect with it becoming a trend without a whole lot of excitement left in the art.

Heather and I set out and went to some local body art shops and spoke



with the artists, one said, This was a career choice for me ever since I was a freshman in high school and I chose it because it was something that I truly had a passion for and now that it has become so popular it has sucked the life out of me. This person wants to remain anonymous.

What was it that made it so wrong for a person to have ink injected into their skin or for a needle to be stuck through their body in past years? The answer to this question is homosexual expression in California and punk rockers. While the idea of same sex couples was revolting, punkers were rejecting mainstream society's conservation. These two stereo types pushed society to deny the fact that tattooing or piercing might actually be a beautiful self expression.

Today, the piercing and tattooing industry is the fastest growing retail in the United States. In 1997 it was recorded that body art had become so trendy that there was an overpowering demand of wanted

art to the artist available. Body art has become the Vogue of the counterculture and what was known as sleazy perversion....has become the necessity of style. The number of teens with body art has quadrupled, and it is estimated that almost half of the body art done today is on our generation.

We spoke to a tattoo veteran who has tattooed hundreds of bodies and has one of the most beautiful styles that we have ever laid eyes on. We asked him who the majority of his work was done on in the last ten



less common places on the body are being decorated with hoops, barbells, and studs.

Now do Heather and I believe that body art has become trendy among today's youth? Yes we do! Try this, walk down the halls of A.C.H.S. and see how much body art there is passing you by. And ask yourself,

Is this body art done as a form of symbolism and originality or is it done as a trend and style?

Are people going to take looking cool to an un-natural level only to suffer the consequences later?

The answer is simple. Yes! People don't care how they're going to look years from now as long as they look good now.

Tattooee's

Heather and I have conducted small interviews. Questions of body art, where they were done and what location. The purpose of these interviews is to see what the popularity is and why they were done.

Chris Dicker, 22
staff

Q: When did you get your tattoos?

A: I got my tattoos when I turned 18 and through various times in my life. I wanted to do everything that an 18 year old could do., not because tattoos were popular! Now tattoos have become addicting! At first I thought it would hurt but I love the pain now!

Duckey, 16
student

Q: You are so young to have a tattoo how did you get it?

A: I got it when I turned 14 it is Hawaiian tradition to receive





a tattoo on your 14th birthday. My mom took me. It is a Hawaiian Blossom with my initials.

Anonymous: 17

student

Q: Where is your s and how did you do it?

A: Its down here! Don t tell anybody.

It is a heart I got it because it is pretty.

I did it with a safety pen and ink.

Katie Gilbert: 17, student

Q: Now I know you have tattoo don t you?

A: It is a tribal design on the back of my neck that took one year to design. It was done professionally in Alaska at 2 moons.

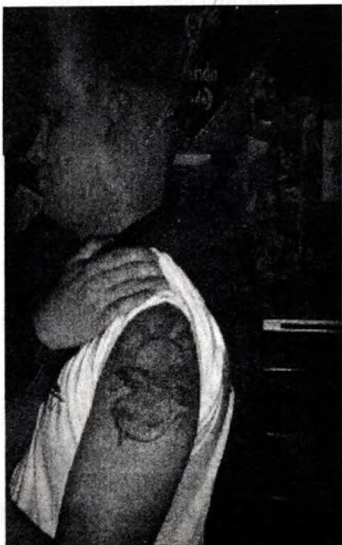
Anonymous: 17

student

Q: do you have a tattoo?

A: Yes, it is a star on my belly It was done by a friend.

It is the symbolism of friendship & loyalty.



tell my life story. I m not getting these to be cool or to fit in. I am making my body my canvas to express who I am on the inside to the world outside. So you can see my soul by looking at the flesh.



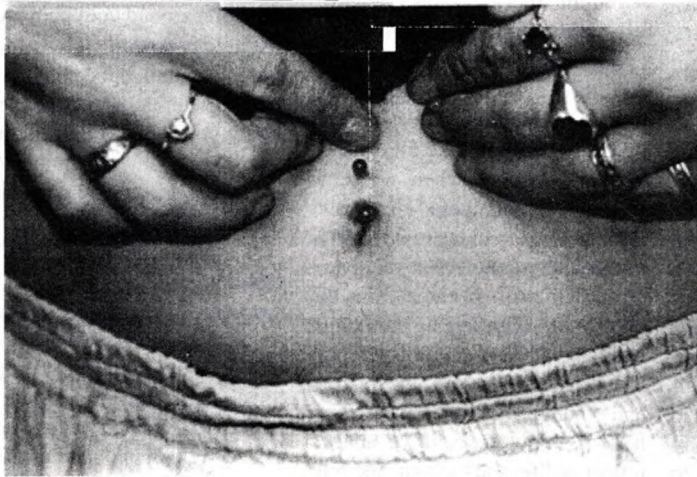
Body Piercee's

Anonymous: 17

Student

Q: How many piercings other than the several in your ears do you have?

A: I ve got 4. Septum, belly , and



Tabatha Belles: 18

student

Q: Well seeing how this Question is to myself,

Tabatha what tattoos are you getting and why?

A: I will be getting The Symbol of The Leo on my neck, wings on my back, and a star on my hip. I am getting these as a symbol of who I am and my inner spirit. Through out my life I will be recieving more in a way that will

my nipples.

Q: Why did you get those specific piercings and where did you get them done?

A: It was a ritual, just, ritual. I did them myself at a friends house.

Katie Gilbert: 17

Student

Q: How many piercings do you have and what are they?

A: 7 counting my ears. I had a septum ring, but now I just have Labret, nipples, two lip, and ear lobes.

Q: Why did you get those particular piercings and where did you go to get them?

A: It was just something that I wanted to do, partly for the experience. I got them at Classic Tattoo, Two Moons in Alaska, and my ears at a mall.

Anonymous: 18

Student

Q: Do you have any piercings?

A: Yeah, both nipples and I use to have my belly and nose.

Q: Why did you get them done and where did you go?

A: My belly cause I had a cute belly and it was popular. My nose because I had straight A s and I wanted a facial piercing. My nipples, well why the hell do you think?

Q: Where did you go?

A: I had specific piercers. I did one myself, a place on Hawthorn, and a home piercer.

Tabatha Belles: 18

student

Q: What do you have pierced and why?

A: I have my nose, septum, tongue. I had my nipples and belly button but those hurt too much. I got the nipples done at a party and everything else done professionally. I will be getting my labret and my nose double pierced. I got it done because it adds character to my face.

Heather and I would Like to give a special hardy har- har to all the students, staff and artists that let us bombard them with questions.

And we wanna give

A SHOUT OUT, to all the people keep n it real!!!!

WE LOVE YOU!

PEACE!

Stay Wide

by Lorena Tanase and Jaya Emery-Aadrhianai



"Hip-Hop is the language of the youth." Akil Talib from Jurassic 5, 30yrs.

"Hip-Hop is lyrics . . . being straight forward. Hip-Hop is the love of my life." Dave Quintwa, 19yrs. "Hip-Hop is the lyrical sport, the mental Olympics." K.C. Winn, 19yrs. Hip-Hop is freedom; freedom to live, to produce, to be, and to believe. When we pass each other on the streets, we are all strangers. When we come together to celebrate or participate in Hip-Hop, we are all united through a common culture to become one. One belief, and dream, one path down the road to prosperity. Hip-Hop is everything. It's in our daily routines, our music, our art, clothes, style. It's in our breath and our souls. Hip-Hop brings us hope. It brings a key to survival and lets us express, while providing us with representation of reality. It reflects where we've been, shows where we are and allows where we'll be going next. Hip-Hop is a release of mind, and flight for spirit. Hip-Hop is . . . Hip-Hop is us.

Society plays a very big role in Hip-Hop. They're the artists, the consumers, the audience, the critics, and what makes or breaks each, new and old, generation of Hip-Hop. However, society outside of the underground culture, many

times has very controversial judgments when it comes to their views on Hip-Hop. Violence, vulgar, uneducated, out-cast, drug dealers, money coveters, delinquents, criminals, rebellious, gangsters, and bad influences. These are just a few of the things that we have heard from society, (people from all different kinds of walks) when asked their opinions of Hip-Hop. Regardless to say, this was their categorization of a culture that they didn't yet have full understanding of. Much of communities judge Hip-Hop, before they even try to walk just a block in our shoes. It's also those people who don't take the time to look back and see where we came from; preventing them from knowing who we are today. Hip-Hop is not an angry culture, but yet, a surviving culture. It came from the depths of reality, seizing those with heart and a will to reproduce representations of where we were from and who we are to the fullest. You have to know yourself, be able to reflect on life, and the past, and represent for all you have.

Hip-Hop, however, doesn't just stand alone. There are many key ingredients that structure Hip-Hop; they are the building blocks of this underground society. Without these basic "skills," there would

be no anchor to this culture, it's core, and all of it's artist. These are the 5 elements. For any of you new Hip-Hop cats out there, these elements are graffiti, DJing, breakdancing, and MCing. 4 main arts, which all fall under the 5th element, "philosophy." Every mind delivering Hip-Hop has philosophy. In order to produce Hip-Hop art gracefully, one must be able to breakdown and go beyond the basics of life and understand/preform on a higher level that just "average." Hip-Hop is believing, seeing, doing, and understanding. Philosophy is the way you think, your outlook on the world around you; your most integrated wisdom, the values by which you live, a code of your most prominent ethics and principles you set by your walk of life. Hip-Hop and it's 4 elements can't survive without philosophy, and we can't be without Hip-Hop.

Since the birth of the Underground, Hip-Hop has grown enormously. World-wide this real but abstract, ghetto, yet elegant, culture has become immensely popular. Specifically, in the United State alone, Hip-Hop has almost traveled to every city, street and ear. Places such as California, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have all been pretty acquainted with Hip-Hop since the very beginning. Areas such as Oregon, Washington, Montana and Texas, however, are still moderately new to the Underground

scene.

Specifically Portland Oregon, known for its alluring variety of roses, clean rain and indigenous assortment of wildlife, was once a more quiet and conservative type of city. However, even the reserved and calmer lifestyle of Oregonians couldn't keep Hip-Hop out. As it's popularity began to grown, even the biggest of production companies couldn't resist the "sell-out" Hip-Hop shows. So slowly, but surely Portland began to get small amounts of exposure to this underground culture. Radio stations such as Z100 also through limited amounts of "sell-out" Hip-Hop shows. But Portland's main exposure to this culture didn't begin to develop until 1996.

Direct Productions:

1996 was a very important year for Oregon. It was the year that "Portland's Hip-Hop scene began to fall into place." Ron head of Direct Productions 24yrs. After having been to and seen other cultures, parities and shows around town, Ron of Direct Productions saw a need for a change. A lot of his friends were into raves, and trying to through the "BIG shows." However his Hip-Hop mentality saw past that. To him raves were just "phases." "People who were between the ages of 16-18, who stay out until 8:00 in the morning, taking drugs." Ron wanted something

AWAKE

more than this. He wanted a scene that wouldn't be just another phase, with a dedicated audience, and non-drug influenced atmosphere.

Portland's Hip-Hop scene hadn't been fully established yet, therefore reducing much of the competition. However, there were still other obstacles Direct Productions had to overcome. Such as credibility, and terminating fears of not succeeding. Because Direct was still a rookie in the production game, they didn't yet have the credit to be renting out places such as LaLuna, and the Roseland Theater for their shows. Instead they were forced to start throwing shows at places like churches, and warehouses, such as their first big show "Hieroglyphics."

About a year after Direct Productions had begun, Ron was joined by one of his friends Ben, who had helped out with the smaller volunteer work. Ben, had known that this was the job he had wanted since about freshmen or sophomore year. It was also around that time, that he had started to get familiar in the game helping Ron out with promotion, for such bookings as Coolnutz and Outcast. "We were

Akil Talib of Jurassic 5



all trying to get up around the same time, so finally after doing the small time promotion for him, Ron finally hooked me up with a job." Ben of Direct Productions 21yrs

With little competition, booking for shows, and a partner, you would think it was all fun and games from here. However Direct Productions, still had a long hard working road ahead. Together the two put in full effort and sacrificed personal time to get this company off the ground. Yes, meeting the stars of Hip-Hop can be great, but it doesn't stop there. "It's not easy. It's definitely not as fun as it would seem." Ron described, bringing the whole "production game" into a bit

more of reality than most would perceive it. "People think it's so fun, and you're always out just hanging around passing out flyers. But it takes a lot of work." Ron of Direct Productions 24yrs.

We once heard it said that "only time will tell." Ron and Ben have definitely proved this right. As time moved on, so did the development of Direct Productions, bringing with it the growth Portland's Hip-Hop scene. Through all the gambles of money loss, time and personal life reduction, due to busy schedules, hard work and investments, Direct has only grown very positively; leaving them with no regrets as they look back on what and how they started. "It's a good and unexpected feeling." Ben told

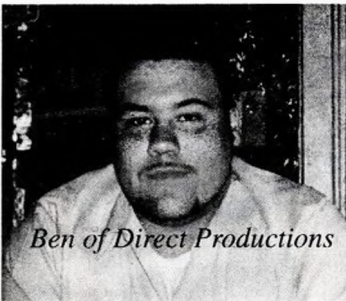
us when we asked how it makes him feel that he helps bring this

to Portland. "Because I remember being able to go to concerts and watch the artist perform; someone who I listened to on CD's or the TV, and now to know that I do that for other kids . . . ? . . . It's a great feeling."

That feeling, is not only shared between Ron and Ben, but the artist and the audience. Crowds go wild when Direct Productions, puts on a show. The acts get into it, and the whole place is uniting and celebrating under one roof. Without Direct, we would have very limited amounts of Hip-Hop and Underground in Portland. And without our crowds, the acts wouldn't be able to perform here. Ben also said, "Hip-Hop has no boundaries. It's open to everyone." Now it really is open to anyone, in the fullest and most articulate ways.

In the same aspect, Hip-Hop has also helped open Ron and Ben's eyes to a broader spectrum of art. Since they have been throwing Hip-Hop shows, and seeing the same concerts over and over again makes it hard for them to enjoy just any old show anymore. They now find themselves going to reggae and metal type shows for a fuller variety. "Concerts really have to be something special now." Ron of Direct Productions 24yrs. Such as the D'Angelo show. Even though they admit he isn't number one when it comes to art that stimulates their minds, the show was off the hook. "He had every single person in the place listening to him. Every women in the room was going crazy, sweating him. Even the ladies who would say that they don't really listen to D'Angelo that much were trying to get up in the front row." Ron of Direct Productions 24yrs. This goes to show, it's

not about your album music, or even your



Ben of Direct Productions





Member of Jurassic 5

popularity, it's how you rock it on stage. This is what ties Hip-Hop with the crowd and takes their minds on a journey, and this we wouldn't have without Direct Productions.

Finally, Hip-Hop is becoming more well-known in Oregon, "slowly but surely, we just have to be patient." Ben of Direct Productions 21yrs. Without Direct who knows when, and what variety of Hip-Hop would have ever come to Portland.

Many

founders of mainstream Underground of Portland and all of Direct Production's shows have incredibly articulate and talented performers. They also keep a low key on the violence and hatred that could occur at their shows. Recently, in San Francisco, at a Hip-Hop show, some angry comments were exchanged between gang members creating uproar of fighting and a quick end to the show. This left the performers and the rest of the audience exiting quickly with a dimmed spirit from the whole night.

Hip-Hop's outlets are supposed to represent forms of positive representation. It's all about expressions and overcoming the odds. When the shows turn to violence, it spreads the wrong message, not only to the crowd attending the show, but to all of Hip-Hop's critics, producers, consumers, and even the top fans. Disapproving opinions label those involved, yet it also brands the rest of Hip-Hop's reputation along with it. Hip-Hop begins to be looked at as a violent and fraudulent culture, turning society against Hip-Hop and every aspect of the culture.

When shows representing Hip-Hop are being put on, it is very important to remember that not only is the audience watching, but also that the whole world is too. Each time a piece of Hip-Hop is performed it is representing Hip-Hop as a whole, all the elements, all we stand for, all we believe, and all the people.

"Other production companies throwing Hip-Hop shows that aren't very well put together, or they have rap shows going on and someone starts something, or makes an offensive comment and someone gets shot, then it all gets blamed on Hip-Hop as a whole." Ron of Direct Productions, 24yrs. Many time's Hip-Hop shows still do turn to violence, but it is definitely starting to occur less and less. Thanks to Productions companies such as Direct, where the promoters and runners of the whole show have outgrown the "rivalry" stage and are ready to put on Hip-Hop shows full of positive vibes and aesthetic music. When attending Hip-Hop shows put on by Ron and Ben you can almost bet 100% to be surrounded in a charismatic, and energetically influential atmosphere. "We don't have hardly any violence. Problems end, before they even get started." Ron



Members of Jurassic 5

of Direct Productions, 24yrs.

By keeping out the violence and creating a positive and powerful environment, Direct not only makes it possible for the crowd to have the best time they can, but they also keep Portland's Hip-Hop reputation circulating with a righteous name. It's important for the Hip-Hop scene to have a good reputation among other cities and especially with the

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 20TH
WORD OF MOUTH TOUR
we get so rapped up in the entertainers on stage, we forget to give props to the creators of the show, and the initiators of the real, mainstream Underground. Ron and Ben gave all they had up for us and for their devotion and faith in Hip-Hop, and because of this our Underground scene has found a strong anchor in Portland and is continuing to grow.

Yet it still goes further. Beyond the fact that their the

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artist. Many times the production companies hosting a show wont make an extra gesture to comfortably accommodate the performers. When the shows become business oriented and connections between the production companies and the artist stop at a dressing room and a check, it holds back a whole section of Hip-Hop at the same time.

Many of the Hip-Hop artist live away from home six to eight months out of the year. When they are tiered or are having a tedious trip, it also effects the way they perform.

Direct Productions makes sure to take the extra step when hosting Hip-Hop artist in our town. To them it is all about accommodating the artist. "We take them to go look at records, or to the clubs. We'll take them to a lot of the underground scenes around here." Ron of Direct Productions 24yrs. When the performers leave you always want to know that they enjoyed their stay, they will probably come back, and that they are spreading the word about what they experienced. Most artist who leave Portland from one of Direct Productions shows, you can almost assure that they are going to come back and that they are



Evidence of Dilated Peoples

letting the rest of their peoples know P-towns Underground scene is not asleep. "You have to treat them like people, not commodities." Ben of Direct Productions 21yrs. Just by simply being obliging to our guest and treating them basically how they would want to be treating if they were the artist, Direct is not only giving off a good name for themselves but for all of Portland and our Hip-Hop. They represent us when it comes to our Underground scene, our how we will be looked at by all the artists and other cities. However, Direct is doing a great job. They are getting eyes turned towards Portland's Hip-Hop, and in the process strengthening our Underground scene. We would like to thank all of you Portland Hip-Hop heads out there, along with the one and only

Direct Productions. Keep supporting the local scene out there, and if you haven't been to a show put on by Direct Productions yet, you can check them out at:

www.DIRECTPRODUCTIONS.com

Current Events

We also have a few current events, brought to you by the Word of Mouth Tour (September 09, 2000) and it's fans. Interviewing the acts and fans at the show, many repeatedly brought up Police Brutality as one of the most controversial subjects to be effecting our streets today, also added was, "the repression of African Americans." Akil Talib from Jurassic 5. Whether police brutality or any type of discrimination happens to you or someone you know, this subject impacts all of our lives. When the police take "justice" into their own hands and try to enforce the law with violence, therefore using the power and authority they have and putting it to use in unproductive ways. "Police Brutality can be individual officers personal feelings, or lack of self control. And second I believe it is a result of poor or inadequate training which results in police officers using a higher level of force than necessary. Either they freak out, or are under pressure they can't handle and end up beating someone as a result." Corey, sworn police officer, 26yrs. This is an issue we cannot take lightly. We all have to stand up for our individual rights and protect those who are less aware of those rights. Constantly stay aware of what's going on around you, remember Hip-hop is not only the art, it is the controversy that surrounds us to produce it.

Special thanks to God above us, Direct Productions, Jurassic 5, Dilated People, Beat Junkies, MC Supernatural, D.I Shortkut, Cut Chemist, and other special guests, who made the night of September 09, 2000 unbeliebable.

Thanks to all you Hip-Hop heads out there, Portland, and all you crazy cats who made Word of mouth Tour all that it was.

Stay strong and much love. -Peace-

M.C. Supernatural



"Stay wide awake, many things you fear have been in place for years. While waiting for something to appear, it's already here."

-Rocka of Dilated Peoples

Rocka of Dilated Peoples



LOUD AND PROFANE

Sept.
Soulfly

26th
Edition

Review by

TJ Harrison

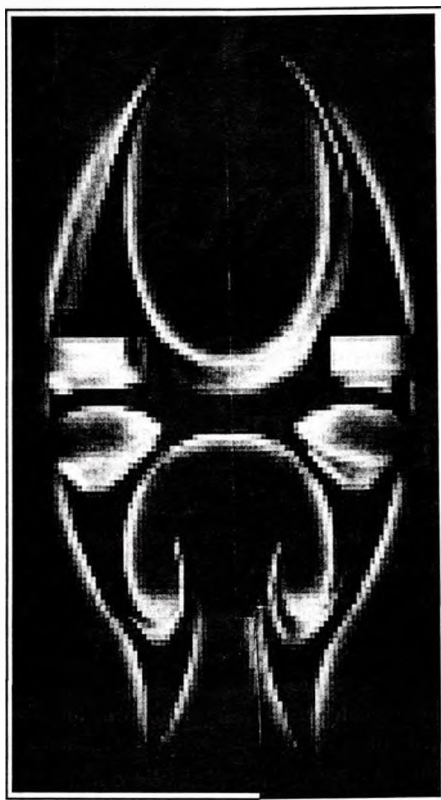
The music fades. Silence fills the building. The lights go out. Darkness engulfs all, leaving nothing but black. Out of the darkness emerges rumbling bass, screeching guitars, pounding drums, and shrieking distorted vocals.

It had begun. An eruption of movement. Slaves on Dope prologued what one can only describe as a four hour non-stop bludgeon fest. Besides the problems they had with the P.A. system, they put on a good show, involving the crowd several times. And at one point they became agitated because the whole crowd wasn't participating. But started again by igniting the crowd into chanting "Don't tell me, how to live my life", from the song "leader of losers" from their new "Inches from the Mainline" album, now in stores. The only problems I saw with the band was the fact that their guitarist Kevin Jardine looked like the illegitimate child of Korn's guitarist's Head and Munky, and their bassist looked like Fieldy on crack. Other than that they put on a good show. From what I heard, between the sound of my

ears bursting caused by the shrieks of vocalist Jason Rockman and the P.A. cutting in and out, but I plan on buying the new Slaves on Dope CD anyway.

After 15 minutes of standing around in a combination of cigarette and pot smoke, the crew flashed their flash-lights and the house went dark once more. Out stepped J-Sin, Bobby Burns, Mike "Jr." Christopher, and Doug Morrison from Torque phx filling in for John Kamoosi. Primer 55 was set and ready to tear down the building with tracks like: set it off, super freak love, and loose. Then they played "The Big F*** You". Dedicated to all the p***ies who talk s***. This put the mosh pit in utter turmoil. Primer played for a half-hour, but a half-hour not many people will forget.

Next up was Downset.



Another child of the rap-rock era. Hailing from Los Angeles, Downset, Like S.O.D. and Primer 55, put on a

half-hour to 45 minute set. What I did not like about this band was

Rey Oropeza (vocals) stood up on stage practicing what appeared to be Kung-fu. All I could think of was "what the f*** is this guy doing?" I would start to get into the music and then I would see him punching at air. Because I do not know what he was, or thought he was, punching at, I found this quite bizarre. What I did like was the PRS that guitarist Rogelio Lozano was playing. The sound that guitar put out just blew me away. Once again the P.A. system was screwy. You would think the Rosaland's crew would know how

to run their f***ing equipment.

Almost an hour after Downset had finished their set, the lights dimmed for one final time. Fog machines sent a mist throughout the already hazy building. Through the darkness you could barely make out four figures walking on stage. Just like when I sat in the same room over a year before, just like on their CD, the music started instantly.



neously. The stage lights came on and standing onstage was Max Cavaleria (formerly of Sepultura); Mikey Doling (formerly of Snot); Bobby Burns, who was filling in for Marcello Dias because his wife was in labor; and Joe Nunez. "I am what I create, believing in my fate" everyone chanted in sync with the screams of Max. All I remember seeing during this hour long set was a blurred image of the stage and my feet. Except for the fifteen minutes me, my friend Eric, and some guy in a

wife beater spent beating the s*** out of some guy who jumped in front of us and was throwing elbows and almost head-butted me. After we got him out of the way it was back to the blur. After a few old songs and a new one, they switched bassists and Jr. came out on stage and played for a while. At one point everyone but Joe stopped playing grabbed a jungle drum(a few others from Downset and S.O.D. came out as well) and jammed on drums for a few minutes. I didn't think that the show could get any better. But it did. They played "NO". The only part of this song the crowd seemed to know was "No worship, No Bulls***, No Mothaf***ing Hootie & the Blowfish." But I enjoyed it anyway. Then it got better when J-Sin came out on stage and sang "Bleed" with Max. My only disappointment with Soulfly's set was that they didn't play "Jumpdafuckup" But they had already put on a great show so it wasn't all that important.

After the show had ended, there were numerous pleas from the crowd for an encore. But that night there was none. 11:30 and nothing to do. Would you go home? Well maybe you would. But not us. We sat for a half an hour freezing our nuts off waiting by the gate for someone to come out. Sure enough, Bobby came, then J-Sin, then Jr. After a while Mikey and Joe from Soulfly came. We didn't leave until about 2 am. We stayed out talking with Bobby from Primer and Doug who was filling in for Primers Drummer. All in all I have to say that it was a concert I will never forget.

What to expect in the next installment of "Loud and Profane":



Review of the Spineshank show. Along with a review of (hed)'s new album "Broke"

If you have anything you would like to have reviewed please submit your ideas to me and I will review as many as possible. Space dependent.

If you are offended by anything said in this or any future edition of "Loud and Profane",

DON'T READ IT!!!





Murder City Devils

by Anonymous

It was five hours on the road to Bellingham, past Seattle and a half an hour shy of Canada. The destination was a tiny little music

venue in the college town that went by the name of Showoff Gallery. The reason for this extensive trip was to see a specific band of Pure Rock and Roll, singing about booze, gutter-punk heroes, and lost loves.

My friend got there early enough to have to sit through and ignore the humdrum styles of the opening bands. There were one-man bands, two man bands, and too many man bands. And when the last of the reject bands finished, there was a line of black clad punk rockers at the door.

From outside walked in a fat, longhaired, tattooed man who looked like he just finished polishing the chrome silhouettes of naked women that would have adorned his mud flaps. But instead of holding a CB radio, he pushes in carrying a speaker cabinet with a silver skull and crossbones painted on the front mesh. Almost everyone recognizes him right off the bat, and they know what this means. He is Gabe, the roadie for the headlining band. Following him are various members of the band. A tall, young looking guy with a cast on his leg brings in a bass guitar while a woman with jet black hair attempts to lug up her Farfisa Organ.

As the rest of the band (minus the singer) lumber up onto the stage and get their gear ready, the audience pushes up to the very front of the 12 inch high stage as more and more people crowd around the back. The air is hot and the smell of rank cigarette smoke is thick.

As the band finally gets the last of their equipment ready, a guy with wavy blondish-red hair and glasses gets on stage. And the crowd bellows a deafening cheer, for the audience knows that now is the time. Spencer Moody, the vocalist, has just joined the band onstage, and that signifies the beginning of the ceremony.

With a flaming drum set and

drunken howling vocals, this band is truly on it's way to making a name for itself. Band members with backgrounds in hardcore and punk rock create the line up for this Pacific Northwest group. Hailing from Seattle, they are The Murder City Devils.

The band is made up of six people. First, there is Spencer Moody who has the distinction of not looking how he sounds. He is the vocalist, and is known for his "college boy" look, consisting of oxford shirts, reading glasses, and his Irish red hair. This contrasts with his intensely fueled raspy growling vocals, and you think he'd somehow look like the devil.

Then, there are two guitar players, Nate Manny and Dann Gallucci. And while their guitar playing used to really define the band, the inclusion of the "newest" Devil, Leslie Hardy, seemed to change that. While the band still relays on the hard riffs of the guitars, it seemed most of the songs now are simply structures for the Farfisa organ to play on.

The rhythm section, Coady Willis (drums) and Derek Fudesco (bass) holds everything up. Coady, who looks dwarfed beside the giant Derek, packs quite a punch behind his black drum kit. And Derek makes his bass, which is usually a big instrument, look like a toy.

Spencer Moody and Dann Gallucci went to high school together in Seattle and formed a band called Area 51. They met Derek Fudesco at some point during Area 51, and one thing lead to another and he was brought into the band. Area 51 got itself up to "underground" status by the time their demise, when Spencer quit.

After Spencer left the band, the remaining band members changed the name to The Death Wish Kids and at some point released a single on some underground record label. After that, they changed their name to The Hookers and shortly after everyone called it quits.

Then Dann, Spencer and Derek met Nate Manny from the Unabombers and started the Murder City Devils. Looking for a drummer, they tried a couple different guys before they decided on Coady Willis.

This was the main line-up for a couple of years, with Dann, Derek and Nate trading off on guitar, bass and organ. They recorded and released two full-length albums (one on a side label of SupPop called Die Young, Stay Pretty and one of SubPop itself) and several singles on various labels.

Sometime after the 2nd record was released, they brought in Leslie Hardy, from a Portland band known as Love As Laughter (and he is also rumored to have been involved with Hole, an infamous Seattle grunge band headed by Courtney Love). Leslie would take over exclusively on organ. With her, they recorded their 3rd album, In Name And Blood on SubPop. This recording session was their longest and most well produced one. After a month in the studio, they were finally happy with the end result.

The band can't really pin point where their influences really come from, for the sound of their music is rather original and all of the band members listen to different kinds of music. Some of the bands that music reviewers like to connect them to would include The New York Dolls, Iggy Pop and The Stooges, and Zeke. Overall, The Murder City Devils are climbing up the popularity charts rather quickly. Their intense live shows and perhaps their ability to recreate that on record may be the source. The band has come very far within the last couple of years and is estimated to go even farther in the future. They are no longer just a West Coast band.

(And last, to end this inspirational story) I would like to leave you today with Spencer's message to the masses..."Kurt Vonnegut said that meaning of life is to fart around and Ted Nugent said the meaning of life is that you start at point A and end up at point B and in-between you gotta kick maximum ass...and I think the best message

Random what? reviews



to the world is somewhere in between those two things."

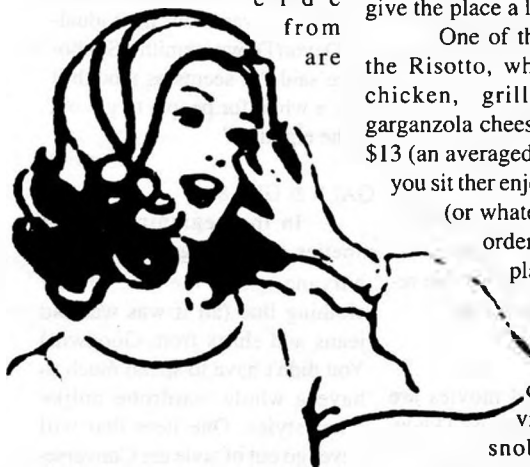
Black Hole Body Piercing

by Heather McDonald

Located at 2946 NE Glisan, Black Hole is a great place to go if you are planning on adding to your collection of body jewelry or if you are getting your first piercing. The environment is chill and relaxed, with music such as Sublime or Tool coming from upstairs.

The prices for piercings at Black Hole are reasonable compared to the prices of other shops such as Milano. For example, a navel piercing costs just \$40. The types of jewelry that are available

for you to decide from are



just about anything you can imagine, with gauges from 0 to 18 and pieces such as rings (hoops), studs, barbells, "banana" barbells and retainers. For colors they have red, blue, purple, green, pink, and yellow, or silver, jewels or swirled and those cool little things that you see some people have instead of a typical ball are spikes, skulls, dice, and others to add a little creativity.

After you have made your appointment, here's what's done: one of the employee's takes you upstairs to a little room (if you are under 18 you aren't allowed in there, unless you are the piercee and in that case you must have a parent with you) with a table sort of like the ones that you see at the doctors office. You get all situated on the table and the piercer cleans the area (depending on what's being pierced), then they clamp the skin,

stick the needle in with the jewelry following, and presto. You now have received a painless (maybe a little pain) piercing.

IL' Piato

by Heather McDonald

Across the Willamette River on SE Ankeny, there is a quaint little Italian restaurant that is called IL' Piato. Inside on each table three burning candles provides your dinner lighting. They have a diverse staff of waiters and busboys so that not a single person feels as though they are out of place. Covering the walls are unique charcoal drawings on canvas all done by an artist who had previously worked there and decided to leave behind her art to give the place a little flavor.

One of their best dishes is the Risotto, which has smoked chicken, grilled pears, and garganzola cheese and is priced at \$13 (an averaged priced plate). As you sit ther enjoying your Risotto

(or whatever else you may order) the music that is playing is soft classical. So if you're looking for great Italian food in a cozy candle lit environment without snobbish waiters, I would suggest that you go

to IL' Piato.

radiohead-Kid A

by Taylor Gehrts & Christine Senseman

The warm disturbing landscapes slowly cascade across the shiny plastic known as Kid A, penetrating the psyche with every note. It is a true representation of the inner torment of Thom Yorke. It does however have a hazy nostalgic value; confusing, yet comforting. "Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon," a perfect description of the track "Everything In Its Right Place," which is driven by a childish organ riff and the whines of Yorke. Sleepy and melodic, this song flows into the title track, and this kicks off the latest Radiohead trip.

The album reaches its manic

peak with "Idioteque," in which they add a beat to their twisted ambience. This song gives off a more minimalistic electronic feel, accompanied by the off-key wails of things such as "women and children first.... take the money and run.... this is really happening."

Kid A falls back into its slumber with "Morning Bell" and continues with its swirl of confusion and dizziness right through the hidden track.

If this bizarre consciousness appeals to you, then you must hear Kid A. Even if you don't like the music you will have a profoundly psychological experience. It is definitely one of pop music's hidden treasures that everyone should be exposed to.

Mudvayne

by Tabatha Belles

RockFest 2000, did anybody go? I did and it rocked. But this is not a review on RockFest. This is a review on the most rockin' fan devoted band ever, MUDVAYNE! When I arrived at Portland Meadows on Saturday July 15, 2000, I had not a clue who Mudvayne was. And they were not on my schedule to see. I was at the second stage Jammin' out to some new rockin' band when I heard the most awesome dissonance sounds that I had heard through out the beginning of that day. I raced over to the main stage with my little Scotty friend in hand and pushed my way through the crowd, through the mosh pit and to the front of the stage. When I looked up I saw the most gorgeous man sing songs of raging emotion.

The character of the people in this band was curios. Like many other bands they had painted faces, crazy cloths and a half naked bassist. They were a new band so they were only allowed a short amount of time on stage. But in that short time they managed to come to terms with their audience on a more serious and emotional level. And when they left everyone was screaming for more.

But what made them even more rockin' was that after a couple hours they came out into the crowd

and moshed with their fans. After noticing the lead singer, Kud, as soon as he walked out from behind backstage into the crowd, I walked up to him and asked for his autograph right on my panty's. And he wrote *Kud Was Here*, which in my opinion was really cool. Then after a horde of new fans came rushing him for autographs, he got back to me. We kicked and got to know each other and had some drinks, YES kiddies, some Kool-Aid. Then he dragged me into the mosh pit where we were separated. And after a while we found each other other and he autographed my wallet and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek and said good-bye.

Never have I got to be that close and personal with a "Star" but it was chill and I can definitely say they rocked.

Buffalo Exchange

by Tabatha Belles

Has anybody been looking for a retro place to shop? Go to Buffalo Exchange Buy Sell and Trade, on the corner of 37th and Hawthorn. Located across the street from the infamous Baghdad Theater. Yes you can buy cloths, sell them and even trade um'! This is where all the hip cats shop! Great low prices and friendly service make your shopping experience complete.

Being a bargain shopper I have noticed that the prices range anywhere from \$0.99 to no more than \$40.00. They have vintage clothing, trendy clothing, cool jewelry, shoes, nifty little do-dads and even some things for the guys. Yes, even you guys can be hip. Buffalo Exchange has clothing for people of all shapes, sizes and styles. So if you ever feel like having a good time when you go shopping, go to Buffalo Exchange for premium quality shtuff.



MUSIC

The nineties. It is so weird to realize that, that whole decade has past and we're not even in the same century anymore. We're out of 'generation x' and so much has happened within those ten years. We all grew up during those times (granted the eighties were great for our childhood) but in the nineties we learned who we are, what our goals, or at least we tried hard to. I surveyed a bunch of people in our school concerning their childhood in the nineties and this is what they came up with.

One major aspect of the nineties was entertainment from listening to music in a lowered Honda, watching Ramblin' Rod at 7 o'clock in the morning, or seeing the latest film at the local cinema. So without further ado I present to you my "totally" unbiased (maybe) results from my scientific research on "The Nineties".

The 90's

Gone And Done

-anonymous

The 1990's are gone and done,
goodbye to our glory days in the sun.
to New Kids & Hammer I bid farewell,
I'll not to laugh when I see you in hell.
No more Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles,
the years are gone when Cher was fertile.

Say hello to N'Sync & Brittany,
if I ever become like her promise to shoot me.
You can say F*** 3 times in PG-13 movies,
I always thought the muppets were groovy.

STD's are as common as tattoo's,
yet dressing like Nirvana is not a fashion do.

Carson Daly is considered God,
The Backseat Boys can be openly flogged.

Christina Aguilera still wears 'Hammer Pants',

it's a shame her extensions will probably kill her if she ever tried to dance

Teenage boys still drink a lot of beer,
at New Years they were all too drunk to shed a tear.

Premarital sex is an after school activity,
postal workers and public school teachers still pray for sanity.

The 90's went bye-bye it's hard to adjust,
in a world where low riders are always a must.

Music has totally changed, in the nineties so many different types of music were enjoyed by all. Pop, i.e. Brittany Spears, 98 Degrees, Backstreet Boys, U2, Tears for Fears, N'Sync, and who can forget New Kids On The Block. Then there was Rap and R&B with Kris Kross, M.C. Hammer, Vanilla Ice, and Boyz II Men are a few examples. Next we have Rock with groups like KoRn, Metallica, Nirvana, Guns 'n' Roses, and others. Many other groups and artists I found myself listening to were Sting, Eric Clapton, the Beatles, and Queen (granted they weren't groups of the nineties but they still sounded good.) Duckie a 10th grader said, "Sure we have Brittany, Christina, Jessica, Mandy, ect. but even though they're made of plastic, wire, and polyester, they can't replace the Muppets!"

A Whole

TV

I'm sure many of us found ourselves watching cartoons after school (you know you did). Coming home and watching The Disney Afternoon with Tale Spin, Chip 'n' Dale Rescue Rangers, Gummi Bears, Dark Wing Duck, and Duck Tales and so on and so forth or waiting all week for Friday to watch TGIF which included Dinosaurs, Step by Step, Boy Meets World and a whole other group of TV shows in that time slot. Other shows that were (and some still are) great to watch are The Simpsons which has been going strong since '89, Friends, Pee Wee's Playhouse, Magnum P.I., The Wonder Years, Seinfeld, The Fresh Prince, In Living Color, and South Park.

Bryan Elliott a Junior here said about the nineties "Movies are bloodier (oh ya), cars are faster (oooh ya!), music got louder (hell ya!), and the fashion got more revealing (gabba dabba dooo!)."

MOVIES

Movies, God movies are something I absolutely love I know I have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars at the theater throughout the years. Many great movies of the nighties are Pretty Woman, Silence of the Lambs (or so I've heard I haven't actually seen it yet, isn't that sad?), Much Ado About Nothing, The Chipmunk Adventure, Harold & Maud, The Matrix, The Shawshank Redemption. Many of my favorite were Disney films like Robin Hood, Sleeping Beauty, The Little Mermaid, A Bug's Life, The Jungle Book, Toy Story and all of the others you know what they are.

OUTDOOR GAMES & TOYS

Besides sitting in front of the TV all day we all played games hop-scotch, 4-square, dodge ball, Sorry, Twister, Dick Tracy toys, Ghostbusters, Baseball, Basketball, jump rope, Scrabble. Transformers, G.I. Joe's, and my personal favorite My Little Pony (which is MINE, i.e. My Little

Pony) Gee I am so glad no one I surveyed said Barbies. (I hope that's a good thing.)

FASHION

Fashion was another great aspect of the nineties since we were getting away from the INTERESTING styles of the eighties and moving on to a statement of our own. If my memory serves correct and I think it does the beginning of the decade was like any other we were in a new state of rebirth trying to develop a name for ourselves towards our individuality. Devon Downesmith a Sophomore said, "it seems as though it took a while for people to get out of the eighties."

GALS & GUYS

In the beginning of the nineties the 'grunge' style with Nirvana taking the lead in that clothing line (all it was was old jeans and shirts from Goodwill) You didn't have to spend much to have a whole wardrobe unlike other styles. One item that will never go out of style are Converse. One student here at Arts said, "Converse are like the God of foot wear they are unisex they come in a rainbow of colors and more and dammit their comfortable!" A Senior here at A.C.M.H.S. Hannah McLain said "The even number decades are always cooler than the odd numbered decades. Take the 1910's, 1930's, 1950's. Who remembers the fashions and fads of those decades? And the 70's! That ought to be proof enough. But the 20's, the 40's, and the 60's for God's sake! And everyone loves the 80's, except me. I don't think the nineties have been terribly memorable but I'll bet you 2000-2010 will be."

Decade Past...

GALS

Styles changed drastically over the years in the mid-nineties the 'hippie' look started to come back with bell bottoms bright colors and flowers were slowly sneaking in to our closets and we heard our parents saying "Oh my God I used to wear something exactly like that when I was a kid." So the heels of our shoes got bigger and bottoms of our pants got wider then all of the sudden that style was

"out" and wearing clothes from Abercrombie and Fitch, Gap, Old Navy, and Tommy Hilfiger were getting more and more popular with 'the kids these days'. The last year of the nineties another style from a previous decade the 'great eighties' and the sparkle funky clothes were and still are slowly seeping back into our lives. As a Senior named Deborah may often be heard saying, 'I love glitters and sparkley stuff.'

GUYS

One great fashion statement was Hammer Pants which if you don't remember look like genie pants and semi-puffed jackets with the sleeves pushed up as far as possible (even Michael Jordan adopted this style). Senior T.J. Harrison said, "I used to wear Hammer Pants in the early nineties, then I realized how stupid I looked. A little white boy wearing Hammer Pants. So I went 'grunge'. I was the only ten year

old listening to Soundgarden and wearing flannels." You then walked around and you saw 'zippy vests', khakis and the down filled puffy coats which make the wearer look like the Michelin Man. Another style is the 'skater' look with T's, baggy pants.

So in the tradition of reminiscing over the past I thought all of you readers would enjoy remembering the little things that made up a who decade of your life. I will have to say that they were some fun times and hopefully the next ten years will be ten times better than the last. So make the most of it, and remember what the group Travis says in their song *Tied to the 90's*, "remember the eighties, 'YA' they were something worse than the nineties 'Hey' stuck in a path, fashion was fast, it all was a blast and nothing was lasting."

by Jenny Coccocrese

"it shows all of the different styles that contributed to the nineties."



...But Not Forgotten



**NEXT
ISSUE**

**WINTER
2001**

**SEE YA
THEN!**